

THIS



REMEMBER

HARVEY C. MORGENSTERN

Author

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EASTON, PA.



FOREWORD

Harvey C. Morgenstern's book is not history as such. It is a lively, humorous, nostalgic, intimate recollection of Easton in the 1890's and early 1900's. It tells of ordinary people, how they lived, where they worked, what they ate, where they shopped, how they entertained themselves.

"This I Remember" tells of the way it was in an era when the horse wasn't restricted to riding academies, when great trains thundered through the Lehigh Valley, when canal boats plied the busy man-made waterways. It tells of an era when vaudeville was just beginning to make way for the "flickers" in the nickelodeons, when the horseless carriage was creating excitement and when men of the Grand Army of the Republic relived their hour of glory with parades on Northampton Street.

Mr. Morgenstern's book brings back the old landmarks, the shops, mills, factories, railroads, canals, theatres, amusement parks and dusty streets of the turn of the century. It takes the reader among the people of that day—the parson, housewife, laborer, blacksmith, peddler—and the things they used in daily life: gaslights, trolley cars, hand-cranked telephones, coal-burning cookstoves.

*The Express is grateful to Harvey Morgenstern for writing his memoirs and for making them available for publication, first in a series in *The Express* and now in this book. James Shelly of the Express editorial staff prepared the book for publication. We are indebted also to Ronald Wynkoop of Phillipsburg, who provided many of the rare photographs, and J. Walter McCracken of Easton and Robert D. Good of Allentown, who also made photos available.*

Took Pail To Barn That Still Stands At 9th & Wood; Milk 5 Cents A Quart

Childhood Days

One day years ago, when we were at table, Ruth said, "Dad, why don't you write about the olden times?" I don't recall what brought that about, nor my answer, which was probably non-committal, but the idea seems to have taken root and this is the result.

I hope my kids find it of some interest. They all, or course, have their own experiences and recollections, which, if recorded, might be of interest to their children. I trust that in writing this I may not be putting myself in the position of living in the past. That is not good for anyone.

We have the present, and should make the most of it. This story covers my youthful years in Easton. I might say right here that Easton is not the town it used to be. The population in 1900 was 14,238.

I was born Nov. 18, 1890 at 13 S. 9th St., in Easton, Pa., and lived there until marriage April 30, 1913. My arrival on the then placid scene was not an earth-shaking event; nevertheless, rather important to me.

In the 1890's and early 1900's a considerable area of what was later called Easton Heights, especially the western part, was farm land. Hester's farmhouse was on Wood Avenue, northwest of the Cottingham School Building and we would go there with a pail and get milk for five cents a quart. Their barn still stands at Ninth and Wood.

My boyhood was, I suppose, about average. There was a group of us, six or seven, who traveled together. We had our escapades, but none got into serious trouble, I don't even recall being chased by the cops, but there was one whom we detested who maybe should have. One of our gang became a prominent Easton surgeon, another county detective and jail warden and another a bartender.

Our stamping ground ran from the Delaware to 15th Street, but especially the hills and fields of the Bushkill Valley nearly to Tatamy.

Some time in the 90's, the Easton Cemetery set out a nursery of small maple trees on the lower portion along the Bushkill. That was a great place to catch garter snakes. One time I stuck one in my pocket and took it to school. My teacher, Ella Gersbach, one of those dear old souls, nearly fainted when I exhibited it. Result, I was sent to Billy Van-Natta, the principal, a tough hombre who chewed tobacco and spit in the waste can.



HESTER'S BARN—The building shown above, still standing at Ninth and Wood Avenue, Easton, was the barn of Hester's farm.

In the 1890's, residents of the area went to the farm to buy milk at five cents a quart.

Almost, but not quite, I was suspended or expelled. That was in the Cottingham Building between Eighth and Ninth on Northampton. But to show that crime repeats itself, in recent years one of my grandsons took a garter snake to Sunday school — it got loose and was never found.

Jake Nittle had a stone dressing yard in an old quarry at Eighth and Northampton, across the street, where he made lintels and sills, using a bush hammer that gave out a peculiar ping. We discovered that if we raised our seat and clamped a pin in it, like a vise, and twanged it, it was almost exactly like the bush hammer. It annoyed Ella so much. But one day when she went to the window to look across the street, it was raining and Jake wasn't working. Investigation ended that stunt.

My father died April 11, 1906. I started working for Ingersoll-Rand Co. May 15, 1906, and served them to the best of my ability until July 1, 1964.

As kids, we played the usual kid games, some of which are probably forgotten by this generation. There was chalk chase, and paper chase, and today if the cops saw kids chasing around the block like we did they would give them a hard time. Then there was "shinny," played in imitation of hockey using a crumpled tin can for the puck and trying to knock it to the goal with a stick. The kid who had a properly bent stick was lucky and took care of it."

And "ducky on the rock." For that, we found cobble stones, "boovers." A larger stone was the base. The kid who was "it" put his stone (ducky) on top of the rock. The others threw their stones trying to knock it off. Then the kid had to replace his ducky on the rock before the other retrieved his stone and got back to base. It sure called for agility. One time I was hit, hard, in the crook of my left elbow and it hurt. It bothered me for some years.

For our sandlot ball games we would use twine to make a ball, unless we could scrounge 10 or 15 cents to buy one. None of them lasted very long.

There were no playgrounds. We played wherever we could, especially on Pine Street and the adjoining timber lot. We had to make our fun and did quite well. With three older sister, and, all that implies, I kept out of sight as much as possible.

Ice Man Was Very Popular With Kids And So Were Women In Electric Autos

Memories and Jottings

The very few residential telephones in the 90's and early 1900's were rather crude affairs, usually mounted on a board on the wall, with a box at the bottom containing a magneto. To get the operator you would pick up the receiver, grind the crank and then — "Hello, are you there." As late as 1914-15 I had one of them, number 239-J.

There was no radio — no television — no airplanes except now and then one as the wonder of the day — no wonder drugs — no movies until after 1900, and then they were "flickers" — no home electric refrigeration or freezers — no electric irons — exceedingly few electric lights, people were afraid of them — and the very few crude automobiles were a curiosity.

The Wilson family, manufacturers of the famous Wilson kitchen range, had an electric automobile. When their women

folks drove it around town they were the cynosure of all eyes. (In other words, everybody rubber-necked.)

Jottings

Here is an unconnected list of stuff and things that come to mind, like when a group of people are chattering away, one says something that reminds another of something, and then away they go on that subject and have fun:

Lewis, with his market wagon, canvas sides rolled up, peddling "Fresh Roasted Jumbo Peanuts" — five cents a QUART.

Leverington, in same manner, peddling his fresh grated horse radish. I believe he raised his own roots. He had a stand in the Arcade Market in later years.

Hokey-pokey ice cream. About one-inch cubes of so-so ice cream, wrapped in paper, packed in a metal tub surrounded by ice, and peddled from a push cart — price, one cent each. Sanitary??

The fish peddler also had a market wagon. He started out with his fish packed in ice, but by noon much of it was melted. He cleaned his fish as he sold them, and dumped the refuse in an open tub which soon became quite aromatic.

The ice man was popular with the kids. You could have whatever size you wanted and he would put it in your refrigerator. We kids would run out to the wagon to get chips to suck on.

Henthorn's restaurant at Third and Lehigh. Not elite, but good food. A big plate of beans and slice of bread — five cents.

Then there was the "candy wagon." I don't know whose it was, but it was drawn by two horses; the sides of the body were not high, and it had an arched roof. The horses ran away. The wagon smashed into a tree at Ninth and Northampton and was broken open, with candy strewn all around. But I wasn't allowed to go down and salvage my share.

Port Warner had an oyster and fish shop in the still ramshackle building at the corner of Seventh and Northampton. He would always have a pile of unopened oysters on the sidewalk. It was odd how often one would stumble on the edge of that pile and an oyster go flying across the street. Nothing to do, of course, but to open and eat it. Very tasty. But one day I swallowed a bad one. Crime does not pay.

"French Chewing Candy." Most every evening, between Centre Square and Fourth Street, mostly in front of the Opera House, there was a middle-aged peddler selling a concoction, white or chocolate, much like taffy. He carried it on a board suspended by a cord around his neck, and with a little hammer broke off enough to fill a small bag — 10 cents. His appearance was unkempt, his hands apparently not washed since he made the last batch of candy, but the stuff tasted good and he sold a lot of it.

Jimmy Martinelli was an Italian immigrant who peddled bananas on Northampton Street between the Circle and Fifth, from a two-wheeled box-body pushcart. Bananas were one cent each, six for a nickel, 10 cents a dozen and if you looked good to him you got 13.

Many a time on the way home from school if I had a few cents they would be invested with Jimmy, all consumed before getting to Sixth Street. Threw the skins in the street, of course, like everyone else did. They weren't worse than the horses.



OUTDOOR BUSINESSMEN—A fruit seller prepares to go on his rounds with a pushcart loaded with bananas. The photograph

was taken in Easton around the turn of the century. The men are not identified.

Jimmy was a humble man, a very good man, and highly respected. One time mother Lambert had bought some bananas and paid him. He took her hand and kissed it, saying, "Missa Lambert, you gooda woman."

Frank Garbarino had a peanut stand on Northampton Street near Sixth — exclusively peanuts, but he did quite well, as indicated by the shells on the sidewalk a couple of block each way.

In the 90's a Thanksgiving or Christmas turkey was an out and out luxury, beyond the means of many people, including my family. Today it is one of our cheapest meats, and has lost its exclusive status. But then, bacon was five cents a pound and eaten only by the less affluent people.

If eggs were above 12 cents a dozen, very few were boiled and colored for Easter.

A visit to the doctor cost 50 cents up to the time of World War I, and a tooth extraction, without gas, 50 cents. We didn't have novacaine — they used laughing gas (nitrous oxide), which worked fairly well.

There were many local bakeries, all over town. Bread, a full-pound loaf from honest flour, was five cents a loaf.

Two bakers were members of our church (not Moravian), so it was officially ruled that the parson must buy his bread from each exclusively for a year, alternating.

Star Of Medicine Men Sported Coat With Buttons Of \$20 Gold Pieces

Medicine Men and Piano Boxes

North Third Street particularly was lined with many beautiful trees. A number of the elite who did not move to College Hill lived in the "brownstone fronts." Summer evenings would find them, quite dressed, sitting on their front stoops watching the proletariat go by.

An annual event was the Promenade Concert in front of Pardee Hall at Lafayette College. People young and old would arrive from hither and yon, all done up in their best and stroll along the walks and over the lawn to the strains of band music. All very dignified — usually over before 10 p.m.

Traveling "medicine shows" were a source of entertainment to many people, and big profits to their operators. As a

rule, they were one-man affairs, traveling in a sizeable covered wagon with large tailboard that could be opened outward and make a stage. Crude, but humorous after a fashion, entertainment was followed by the operator embarking on his spiel to sell his nostrum, a wonderful medicine guaranteed to cure all human ills.

Sometimes a sideline was "Genuine Indian Snake Oil." Those fellows were artists at mesmerizing a good part of their audience and sales were lively. Usually the medicine had been concocted in buckets in the wagon and heaven only knew the contents.

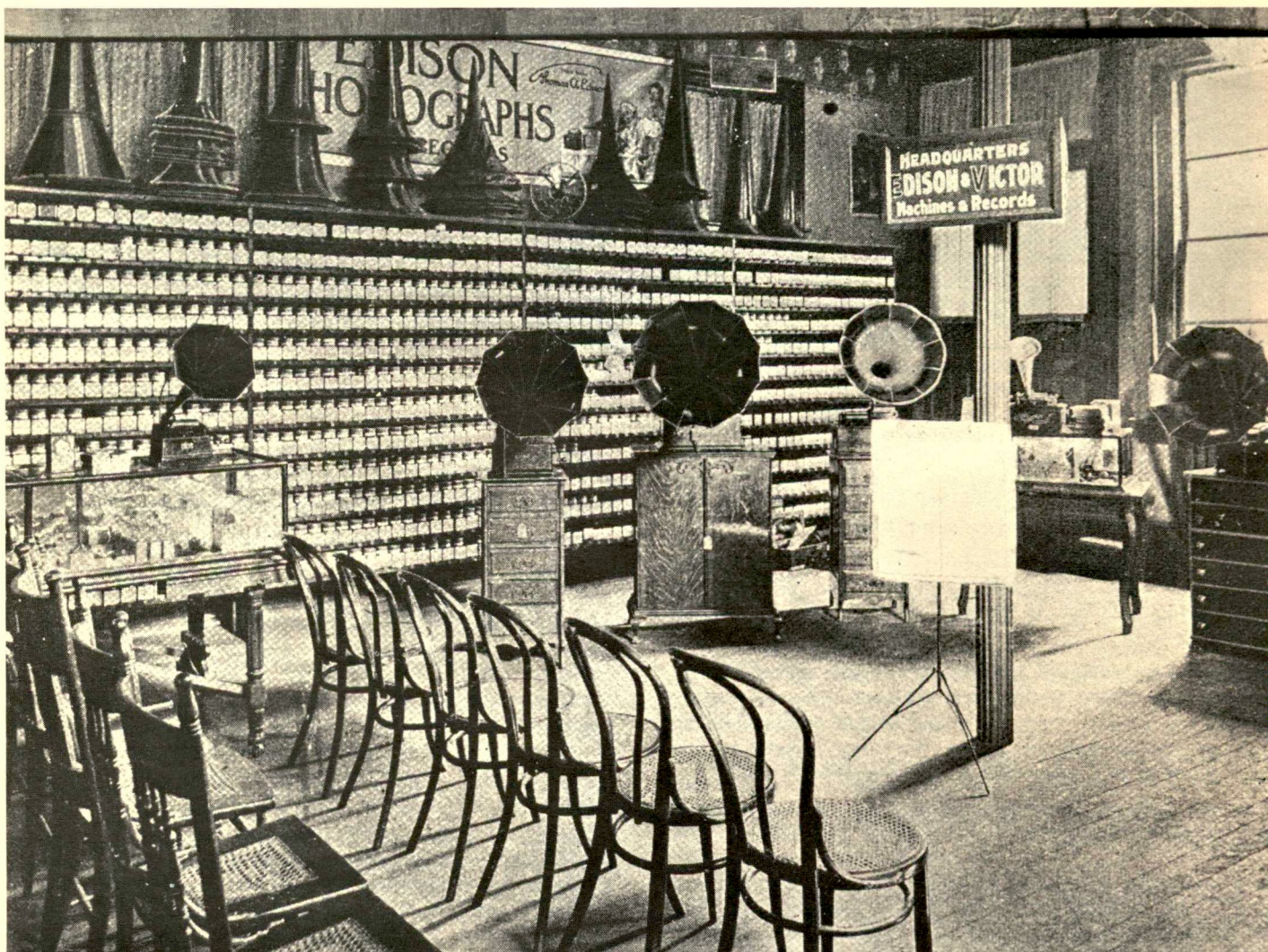
The star of all the medicine men was one Cooper who usually located on the 11th Street lot. Big, bulky and loud, he wore a long overcoat with buttons made from \$20 gold pieces. His product was "Cooper's Kavita." It sold like hot cakes. He even persuaded a certain local druggist to carry it on his shelves as a regular item. Anyhow, his shows, using local talent, were a bit better than average.

When pianos and organs were shipped into town from outside sources they came in large solid wooden boxes. At keyboard height they sloped inward. They could be had for a small sum from the music houses, as they were not returnable, and lumber was cheap. Two of them, back to back, with a door, made a kids' play house, or chicken house or storage shed.

There were two principal organ and piano stores; Werner's and Keller's, both long out of business. Keller's was the leader. When they went out of business, their four-story building became Keller's Storage Warehouse and the first floor was occupied by the Century Music House. In the early evening of March 5, 1948, fire gutted the upper floors. It was a cold night and the firemen suffered severely, with a few injuries.

Our summer vacation, I may have been about 12 years old, I got a job at the Binney & Smith plant up along the Bushkill. Labor laws were not then as now. I walked from my home on Ninth Street to the mill. My job was pasting labels on crayons. For one thing, I didn't like to paste labels on crayons. And, for another thing, I may have been too clumsy to paste labels on crayons. I was soon relieved from pasting labels on crayons.

I was always intrigued about Mount Jefferson, but never got up there, largely because the area was sacrosanct to the Steckel family, whose descendants, I believe, still live there. History records that when Thomas Jefferson was elected president in 1801 his partisans staged a gigantic ox roast on the mountain, pepped up by cannon fire all day. It was said, in my earliest days, that the trench was still visible. And that's how Mount Jefferson got its name.



TEMPLE OF MUSIC—Shown above is the phonograph room of the William H. Keller & Son Music store, described in its day as the "Temple of Music." The store specialized in pianos and

organs. The wood crates they came in were used as play houses, chicken coops and storage sheds.

How many people know that the entire front of the Drake Building on Third Street consists of iron plates?

In the 90's and early 1900's it was a daily sight to see youngsters trudging up 13th Street hill with rolls of silk from the H. & R. Simon Silk Mill, taking it home for mother to "pick" by oil light after her day's labors, for a few pennies a roll.

Herman Simon, a Jewish immigrant, became a multi-millionaire through his silk business. His home was on North 13th Street, but later he built the palatial stone residence on North Third Street, now occupied by the YWCA.

At one time approximately 1,600 were employed in his mill, including many children.

Simon traveled between home and office in a luxurious carriage drawn by two horses, with bells on their harness to announce his coming all along the route, with a liveried coachman and a Dalmation dog trotting along underneath the carriage.

Inside On Dutchtown, West Of 6th, And How Wilson Borough Was Named

Youthful Jobs

I earned my first bicycle in 1903. My uncle, Louis Morgenstern, had the general contract for building the warehouse of the H. G. Tombler Grocery Co. at the southwest corner of Ferry and Green streets. I applied for and got the job as water boy, 7 a.m. to 5 p.m., from my uncle at \$1.50 per week, and the same from Dan Hunt, the brick contractor.

I worked the remaining five weeks of vacation then took my \$15 to a Rev. Neal of the Second Street Methodist Church for a bicycle he had for sale. It was a lemon; heavy, coaster brakes not good, wheels warped, etc. But I didn't know any better. I did learn then and there never to trust a preacher in a business deal.

Incidentally, the aforementioned Harry Tombler was an early, if not charter, member of the Easton Moravian Church



LEADING HOTEL—The United States Hotel at Third and Spring Garden Streets was Easton's "largest and swankiest" hotel when this picture was taken in 1895. The author of "This I Remem-

ber" recalls that its dining room "was rated par excellence." The hotel was on the site of the earlier Black Horse Hotel, a favorite inn for Delaware River raftsmen.

which was organized April 1, 1888. He presented the fledgling congregation with a silver communion set, pitcher, paten and chalice, suitably engraved. This is now in the archives at the church.

The Larkin Soap Co. of Buffalo, N. Y. had a promotional campaign under which anyone selling \$10 worth of their soap received a combination bookcase and writing desk. At age about 10 I took this up and in due course there arrived a big wooden box full of soap. Soap upstairs, downstairs, soap all over the house. The whole house smelled of soap.

But I peddled all of it and sent them their money. The bookcase arrived. More than five feet tall, it had a mirror and shelves on both sides of the top, a drop leaf that made the writing surface, pigeon holes inside, and a couple of open shelves below. I was very proud and still have it after not too far from 70 years. They must have made good soap; the bookcase was quite sturdy.

The area from Sixth to Seventh Streets and a block on each side of Northampton was called Dutchtown, for obvious reasons. In later years when certain people who had advanced on the economic scale and moved elsewhere were reminded of their Dutchtown origin, they didn't like it one bit.

The United States Hotel, a massive four-story frame hotel at Third and Spring Garden Streets, was by far the largest and swankiest hotel in this area. Their dining room was rated par excellence. After serving well for many years it was superseded by Hotel Easton and eventually the old landmark was torn down.

My earliest recollection of the Easton Post Office is that it was located in one of the frame buildings still standing in the northeast corner of Centre Square, now occupied, I believe, by the Circle Arcade. The new federal building and Post Office was erected at Second and Ferry Streets in 1910 and enlarged in 1937-38. At 8:50 a.m., Dec. 30, 1931, a bomb exploded, killing two postal employees. Another similar bomb did not detonate.

A local dynamite expert, Charles Weaver, was commissioned to defuse and examine the unexploded bomb. He took it to a quarry on South Delaware River Road, and no sooner started work on it, that it exploded, fatally injuring him. The perpetrators were never apprehended. The case remains open.

A big development in the area was the opening of Washington Boulevard from 17th to 21st Streets in the early 1900's. It was considered a great forward step, as attested by the many substantial homes on that street.

Residents of the lower portion of Palmer Township wanted to incorporate as a borough but could not agree on a name. It was finally decided that the winner in the forthcoming presidential campaign should be the name of the borough. Woodrow Wilson was the winner, maybe because I voted for him.

Annexation laws in Pennsylvania were much more liberal than now. Time has shown how unfortunate that Easton did not take over that territory.

In the early 1920's, Hugh Moore, founder of the Dixie Cup Co., organized a large meeting, held in the Karldon (formerly United States) Hotel to discuss annexation. There was much debate by Eastonians and Wilsonians, but the latter were more vociferous and carried the day.

The Saturday Evening Post was endeavoring to increase circulation. Although it was on newsstands, they would send

you the desired number, you peddled them, and remitted weekly. I became one of their "salesmen" at about age 12. My favorite location was the Jersey Central passenger station on South Fourth Street, and en route, to people on the street, the waiting room, and those arriving at Easton.

All eastbound passenger trains stopped at Phillipsburg, so I would get on board, go through the cars, then get off at Phillipsburg and walk back to Easton via the railroad bridges over the Delaware and the Lehigh, about which my family knew nothing. But I sold papers. This was all right until the Union News Co. took over the sale of papers and candy on the trains, and then I was ordered to stay off, or else. That ended that venture.

White Bear Stood Up On Hind Legs, Shared Street Shows With Monkeys

Musicians and Wagons

Then there were the street musicians. One group of four or five Germans, with cornet, trumpet, trombone and tuba (oomp-ah), came around in winter with regularity for many years. After playing several numbers, including "Wacht am Rhine," they would canvass nearby homes for contributions. I believe they did quite well.

One very cold day, in deep snow, they played their tunes in front of our house on Ninth Street. My father was home. My mother had made a big pot of vegetable soup. My dad, being the kind of fellow he was, soon had them in the house guzzling vegetable soup. And they guzzled. Mom had to make another pot so we could eat.

One tall, serious looking fellow, apparently Italian, traveled alone, with his violin.

Still another, traveling alone, had an enormous white bear he had taught to do tricks. When he stood on his hind legs he almost reached the sky. Of course, there was a ring through his nose and his master made sure to keep a good hold on the rope.

"Grind organs," which we called doodley grinders, were a sizeable box carried by a strap around the neck and also supported by a single leg when being played. Rapidly turning a crank produced the music. The operators usually were Italians.

Frequently they had a trained monkey, wearing a saucy red hat, who would roam at the end of a long cord. He carried a tin cup, and when a penny was dropped in it he would politely tip his hat. It was not unusual to see these critters climb to a second-story window or porch roof if he saw someone upstairs or had his suspicions.

Hury-gurdys were the aristocracy of these contraptions. They were about the size of a small upright piano, and were called street pianos. They were mounted on two wheels and propelled by two handles, like wheelbarrow handles, supplemented by a broad strap across the breast to help on grades — they were heavy. Some of them carried a parrot, which for a penny would dip his beak in a box and pull out your "fortune." The music somewhat resembled a piano, and that's all.

Horse and Buggy Days

The livery stable was an important feature of a community of any size. Even for a while after the advent of the automobile there were several of these establishments in



READY TO GO—Lake Prince, a well known trotter around the turn of the century, stands like a statue in front of the Forest House

at 17th and Butler Streets "out in the country." The handsome animal is hitched to a racing sulky.

Easton, mostly downtown. There one could hire a horse and carriage, with a choice of carriages, draft horses and saddle horses and equipment. An undertaker not affluent enough to have his own could hire a hearse, black, gray or white according to age of the deceased, and carriages, or rather, cabs. In those days there were no funeral parlors as we know them today.

Services were held in the home or church. Instead of the later practice of hanging flowers on the door of the home, they used long drapes, black, gray or white.

The barouche was a high four-wheel carriage, driver sitting in a box seat high in front, front and rear seats facing, for four passengers, cloth tops and metal frames that folded fore and aft for open riding. It was a necessary vehicle to convey dignitaries in parades, and other uses where prestige was a factor.

The s Surrey was also a four-wheeled carriage, primarily for two passengers, but room for a third alongside the driver in a box seat up front. It had a fabric top, supported by corner posts, and usually fringed. This was a vehicle for the "upper classes."

The sulky was a light two-wheeler for one person. It resembled racing carriages, and may have been used as such.

The ordinary carriage was a rather simple four-wheel vehicle with capacity for two persons, including the driver, which made it nice for beau and belle on a moonlight ride. It was a very practical carriage, never the less, and in common use.

A gig was a very light two-wheel one-horse carriage, rather sporty.

Standard racing carriages were not readily available.

Now and then one would see a vehicle with capacity for at least eight persons. I believe there were other models which I do not recall.

The attendants were called hostlers.

For many years Allen Albright, distantly related to my mother, operated a carriage factory at the southwest corner of Fourth and Church Streets, in the building where later The Easton Argus was published, until they merged with The Easton Express. Dad Lambert worked for the Argus and Express as pressman for almost 50 years.

Liveries I recall were Hemingway — Fifth and Church; Shipman — Bank and Church; Rohn — Lehigh Street; David Bennethum — North Fourth Street; Blank's — North West Street.

Phillipsburg Firm Biggest Producer Of Horseshoes; Winter Sports Cited

Horses and Sleighs

There were quite a number of horseshoeing shops, a trade now almost extinct. The shoes were bought forged to approximate size. The shoer would heat them in his forge, test them on the horse's hoof, and hammer them on his anvil until just right.

What an odor the red hot shoes made when applied to the hoof. Finally, they were nailed in place, and the nails clinched where they came through the toe of the hoof. A helper, or the owner, would stand by with a horsetail switch to shoosh the flies and otherwise keep the horse contented. It was quite a privilege for a kid to be allowed to operate the big lever on the bellows that furnished the blast for the forge.

The American Horse Shoe Manufacturing Co. of Phillipsburg was in its day the country's largest producer of equine footwear.

And, in those horse and buggy days, curbside hitching posts for horses were very common all over town. Some were a mere pipe with ball top and iron ring. Many were more ornate, cast iron with a horse's head. About the time when automobiles were coming into general use, or until a bit after World War I, Easton had a mayor who thought hitch-

ing posts had to go. So, by action of Town Council, they went. But one property owner on 15th Street, between Northampton and Ferry, defied the authorities, and his horse head post is there to this day, and is a good subject for camera fans.

There was a pipe post in front of the home next door to us on Ninth Street. On one bitterly cold day, for no reason at all, which may be the reason so many of us get in trouble, I stuck my tongue against the ball. It stuck. And took quite awhile to thaw loose.

For use where there were no hitching posts, drivers carried with them a hemispherical chunk of cast iron, maybe 20 pounds. Laid on the street in front of the horse and connected to the bridle by a strap, they were effective in preventing runaways. They were real discouraging to any horse.

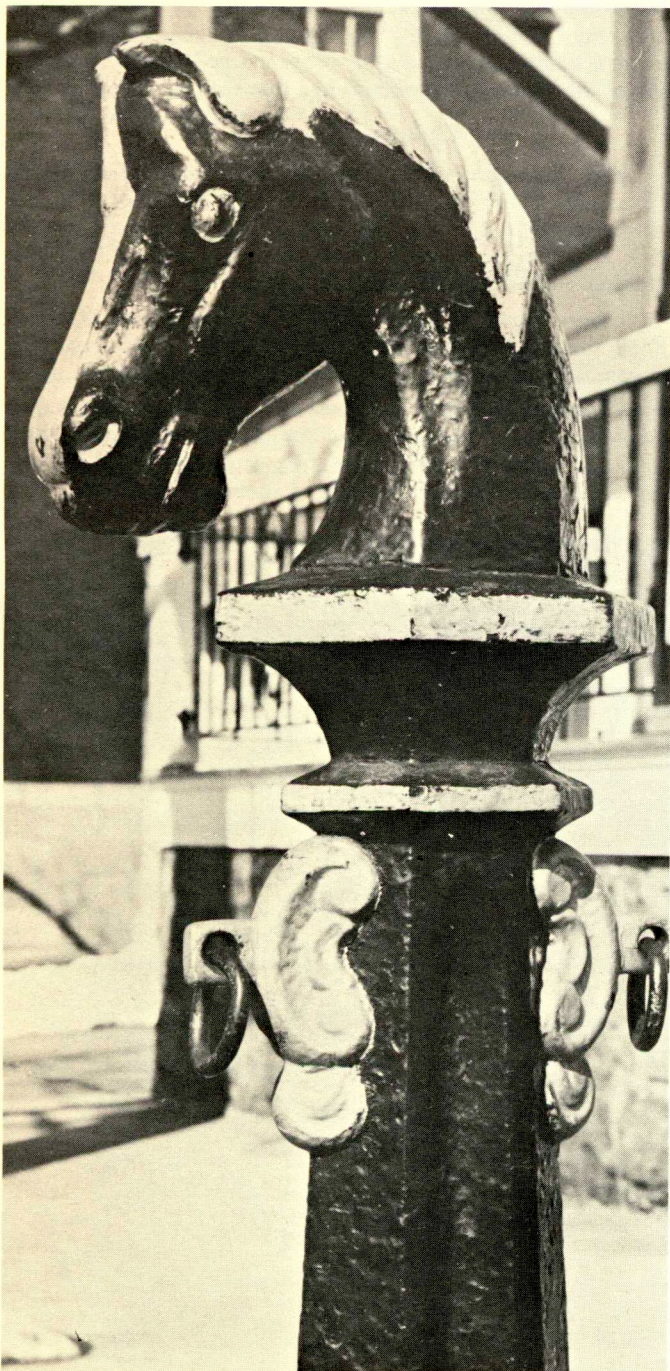


A BYGONE TRADE—In this rare photograph taken in about 1910 in a blacksmith shop on North Sixth Street across from the Central Fire Station, the blacksmith stands at his forge while an

assistant fits a shoe to a horse. The young man at the center is Tony Maiola. Horseshoes can be seen on the walls.

Housewives with backyard gardens or flower beds would be out in the street bright and early and equipped with a bucket and little coal shovel, and would gather the freely donated plant nourishment, and woe betide the gal who encroached on the territory of another.

Throughout the 90's and early 1900's, one-horse sleigh racing on Lehigh Street from Ninth to 15th was a popular sport. Lehigh Street seemed to hold its snow, and there were no automobiles to interfere. Racing days, usually Saturday afternoons, were big events with many participants, and now and then a spill.



READY FOR DUTY—This handsome horse-head hitching post still stands on 15th Street between Northampton and Ferry Streets. When Easton officials ruled many years ago that hitching posts must go, the owner defied the authorities.

Coasting was a great winter sport for the young and not so young. In my area, the "hottest" run was from Ninth and Jackson to Northampton Street. Some lucky ones had bob sleds or "bucks" steered by ropes attached to the front bob. One, owned by the Elicot brothers, was at least 12 feet long, painted black, and called the "Black Diamond" after the famous Lehigh Valley train. It was extra speedy.

It was not unusual to have the sled loaded with passengers on the plank, and others sitting on their laps. On several occasions still others would stand on the side boards and link arms over the heads of the others. On one occasion, on the evening of a slippery Washington's Birthday, that buck crossed Northampton Street, up the steep grade of Ninth almost halfway to Ferry. Why no one was ever killed on it is a wonder.

Guards were stationed at all cross streets to warn coasters, so there was little danger of collision, except for trolley cars on Northampton Street. I saw a sturdy oak buck hit a trolley car one Saturday afternoon when the motorman didn't heed warning. The steersman went head first through the open front vestibule.

Of course, around town in various coasting places, there were occasional serious accidents, several fatal, but they were no deterrent. The small sleds never reached Northampton Street.

Hay rides in summer and sleighing parties in winter were most popular. A large box-body wagon drawn by two horses would be filled with hay or straw. Everyone would sit on the floor, back supported by the side of the wagon, legs extended. And in winter that same wagon body would be mounted on two sleds, or bobs. With a good supply of blankets everyone kept warm.

The destination was usually a home or hotel with food accommodations pre-arranged. A lot of singing and chatter en route kept all in good spirits. If in spots the ground was bare everyone got off to ease the load on the horses.

Cigar Makers And Chinese Laundries Share Stage With Balloon Ascension

Cigar Makers

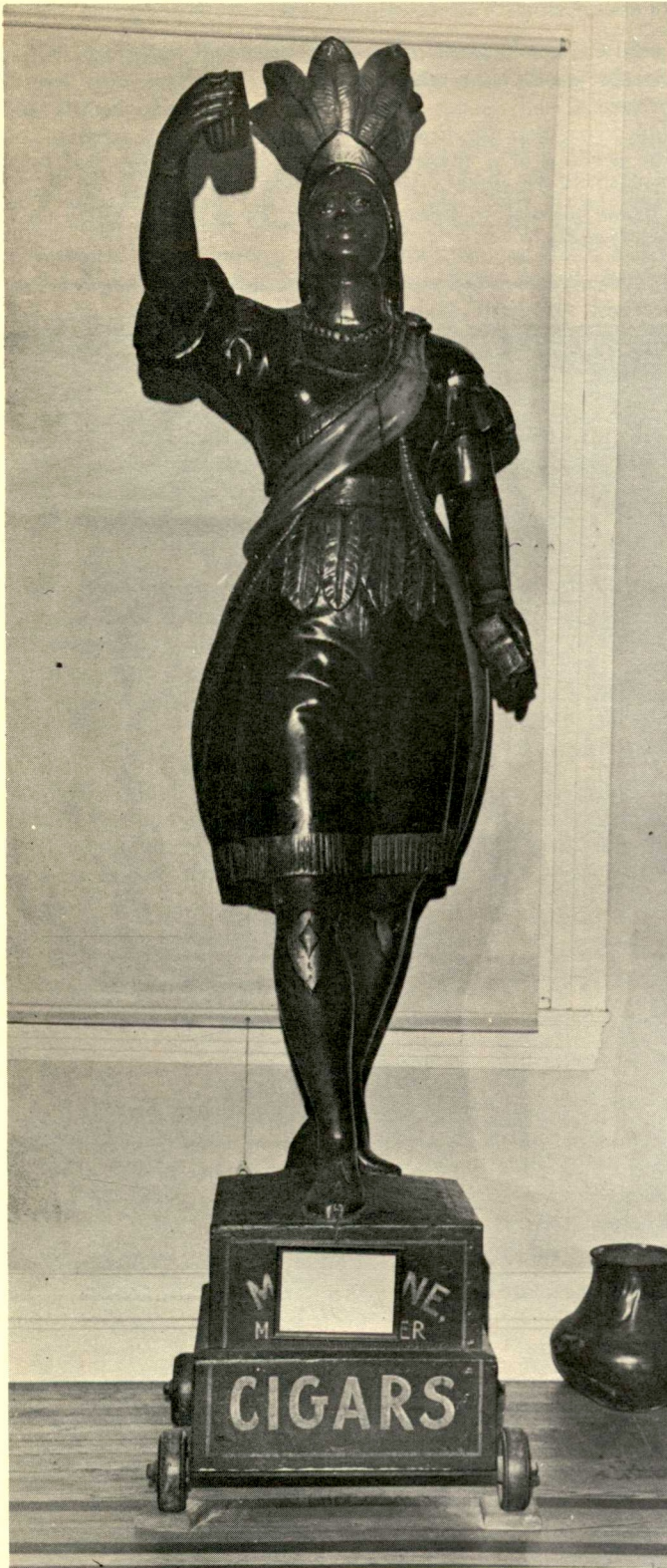
There were a number of one- or two-man cigar factories around town. The procedure was interesting to watch. They would get their leaf tobacco in small bales, one kind for filler, another for wrapper, in several grades depending on whether they were making stogies, "two-ferk," two for a nickel, or the expensive dime cigars.

The first step was to "strip" the leaf — removing the heavy main rib which was discarded. People who kept chickens used them in the nests to prevent lice. It seems to have worked.

Then the filler would be formed, and wrapped with the leaf wrapper, and the cigar compressed in wooden molds. Each maker had his own brand name. He would sell them at his place of business or through the stores.

Cigar boxes then were made of wood, usually cedar, and very aromatic. The wood was thin, but nailed. Andrew Schan had a cigar box factory on Pearl Street and was always busy. It smelled good. One morning the place caught fire and was thoroughly gutted. I don't recall that the business was resumed.

Those boxes with a face cut in them and a candle inside, made a good Halloween lantern and the best part was they cost only one cent for the candle.



NOBLE REDSKIN—This fine example of the art of the woodcarvers who made cigar store Indians once stood in front of Mose Menline's cigar store. It now is in the Northampton County Historical and Genealogical Society museum. During the era, it was a street landmark.

In the downtown section there were several stores that dealt exclusively or almost so, in cigars, cigarettes, pipes and allied goods, and they carried quite an assortment. They called themselves "tobacconists." One of them, and I think his name was Schulte, was located in the Hotel Huntington building at the corner of Centre Square. As times went on they gradually enlarged their stock to include more items of interest to the ladies. Then they gradually disappeared.

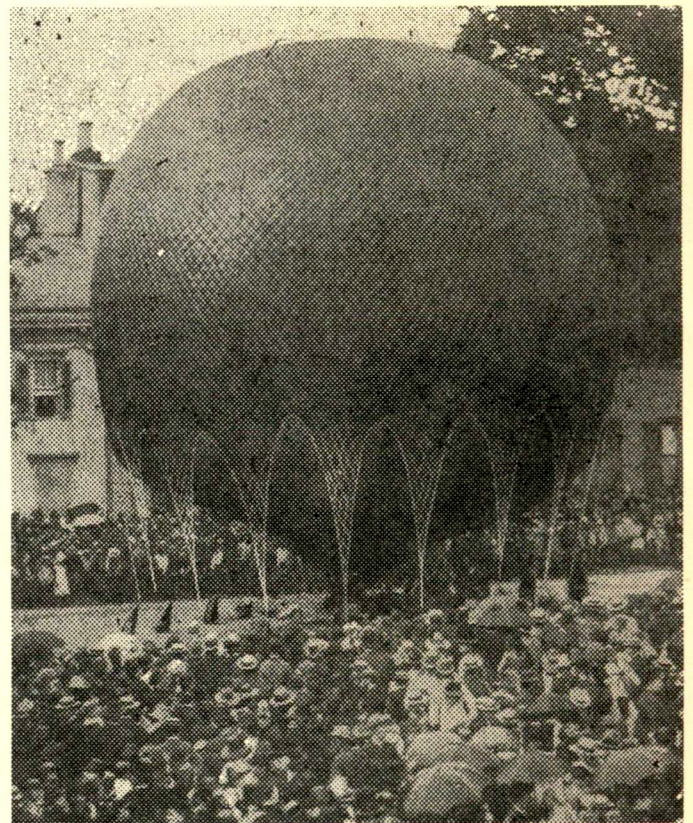
And who can ever forget the cigar store Indian? Carved of wood, about five and a half feet tall (maybe I am a bit too high, but so what — he was an Indian and stood erect) one arm raised brandishing a battle axe, or in another case a scalping knife, or a bundle of cigars, or what have you; always in full war paint, always looking very fierce. There were quite a number of them around, what became of them I don't know. But "Lo, the poor Indian" has disappeared. Many's the time I wished I owned one.

Chinese Laundries

There were numerous Chinese laundries, almost always a one-man enterprise. When you took your shirts in you received a piece of paper bearing Chinese characters lettered with a brush. If you lost your ticket, you were out of luck. In other words, "no tickee, no shirtee."

No one seemed to know when, if ever, those fellows slept. Their shop usually had a large front window and they could be seen at their ironing boards any hour of the day or night.

As a rule they lived alone at the back of the shop, and their ambition was to make enough American money to go back to China and live like millionaires, and I suppose many of them did. The kids would bedevil them.



UP, UP AND AWAY—Crowds throng Center Square as "Prof." S. A. King prepares for a balloon ascension in 1894. He made two other flights from Easton. The third took place from what is now Riverside Park, July 31, 1901. The passengers who accompanied the professor were Fred H. Laubach and John Chalmers, captain of the Lafayette College 1900 football team.

The Great Balloon Ascension

Somewhere around 1900, give or take a couple of years, a chap named King, self-styled "Professor," made a gas balloon ascension from what is now called Riverside Park. It seems King was a professional going from place to place to stage his ascents, and carrying passengers for a fee, reportedly \$50.

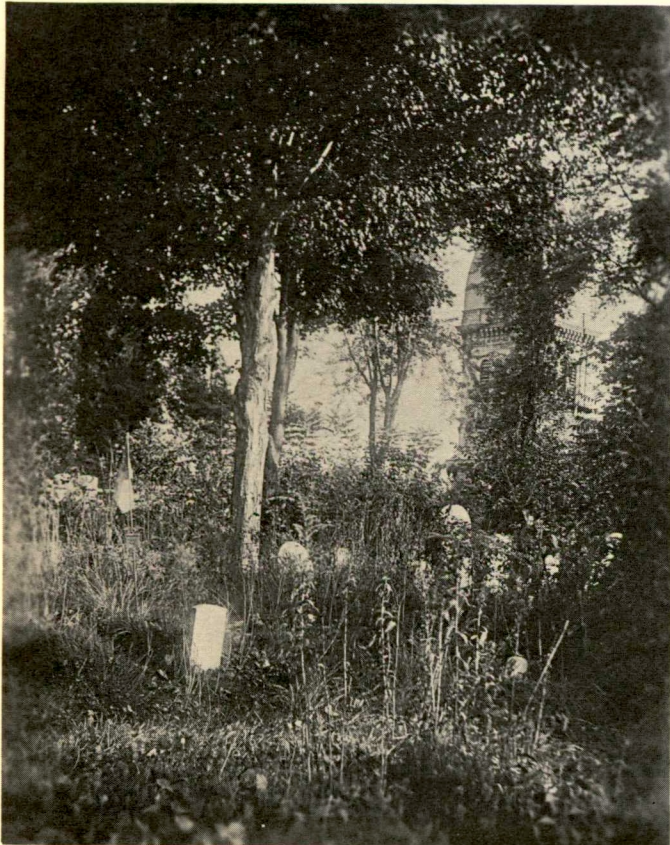
There was no school that day, and all us kids were on hand. The balloon was big, yellow, round and had the standard basket attached. It was filled with illuminating gas via a big pipe line, laid for the purpose, from the Easton Gas Works at the far end of Front Street at the Bushkill Creek.

Filling it took a long while. The passengers were Fred Laubach and another young man named John Cholmers, a Lafayette football player. The ascent was graceful, eastwardly over Phillipsburg, and a safe landing was made near Newton, N. J., despite a storm.

Saw Exhumation Of Bodies At Library; Fire Works Stands In Circle Blew Up

Easton Public Library

Andrew Carnegie was a Scotsman who made his millions in steel manufacture. He founded Carnegie Steel Co. at Pittsburgh, since consolidated. He declared his intention to give all his money away and may have succeeded.



LIBRARY SITE—Headstones in the old German Reformed Cemetery are shown in this remarkably rare photograph from the collection of J. Walter McCracken of Easton. The bodies were disinterred in 1902 to create a site for the Easton Public Library.

Whereas Charles Schwab, of Bethlehem Steel Co., liked to present organs to churches, and is understood to have died broke, Carnegie's favorite charity was public libraries. Easton was one of his beneficiaries with a grant of \$50,000.

The Easton Library had been in the brick building at the northwest corner of Second and Church Streets, later to become and remaining for many years the office of the Easton School District. The new library was built in 1902 on land fronting Church Street, between Fifth and Sixth, that was the burial ground of the German Reformed Church.

Of necessity, all bodies had to be removed. Several times I watched the exhumation. It was weird to see gold teeth in an empty skull. Practically all the coffins were rotted; bodies, except for major bones, had "returned to the earth from whence they came."

Everything was scraped together and put in plain wooden boxes, carefully identified. Bodies not claimed by descendants were buried in an area of Easton Cemetery along the wall just west of the Seventh Street entrance, with all stones laid flat, where they can be seen today. Only two bodies remained undisturbed, that of William Parsons, founder of the Easton Library, along the front steps of the building, and that of "Mammy" Morgan, near Sixth Street, marked by an irregular black stone with bronze plaque placed in recent years by the Daughters of the American Revolution. Her life history is very interesting.

The Glorious Fourth

Until legislation prohibited individual use and possession of fireworks, the Fourth of July was observed much the same as throughout the country. In anticipation, kids would save their pennies, maybe sell some old scrap iron and rags to the rag man and usually get gypped, mooch a few nickels from mom, and then buy a few packs of "shootin crackers" and some sticks of punk.

Bright and early he would be on the front steps discharging them, frugally, one by one, but by about 10 a.m. he had had his day.

Then came the problem of raising some more nickels. If there was a visiting aunt or uncle he might get them. Lucky was the kid who could have a Roman candle, rocket, fountain, red light, spinning wheel and maybe a balloon to use at night. Or some snakes in the grass, devils on the walk or torpedoes.

There was a variety of firecrackers, from the little "lady crackers" for delicate little girls, through the flash crackers, five-inchers, the short chunky "Happy Hooligan" that would send a tin can miles high in the air, and the huge 14-inchers, or "dynamite" crackers that packed a terrific wallop.

There were plenty of burned fingers, and much worse. One time I had a small Roman candle that backfired into the palm of my hand. The hand eventually healed, but thereafter I knew how to hold a Roman candle.

The Circle downtown was lined with stands selling fireworks. As regular as sunrise, every July 4, and sometimes before, one could hear the big bell on Central Fire Station tapping out an alarm when one of those stands blew up, and when that happened the Square was like a battlefield, sometimes involving one or two other stands.

The Woolworth store, in the 90's, was on the south side of Northampton Street above Fourth. They did a big fireworks business, with the whole display inside their front show



GRAVEYARD FENCE—A portion of the fence of the old cemetery of Zion Lutheran Church is shown in this photograph. This and the other picture accompanying this installment were taken from

old glass plate negatives in the collection of J. Walter McCracken of Easton.

window. One morning that blew up, and much of the stuff was blown across the street before it exploded. However, the fire men did a good job.

At night, multi-colored paper hot-air balloons, usually about three or four feet high, sailed prettily across the sky, but sometimes caught fire in the air and became quite dangerous.

One fellow on North Ninth Street always had a big and extravagant night display, much envied by neighbors who paid their bills. It was nice to see Roman candles at a distance, with their balls of multi-colored fire, and rockets soaring high, then exploding and spreading a shower of colored stars.

One bit of fun was to have some lump carbide and a tin can with a spring cap. Punch a hole in the cap, put in a piece of carbide, spit on it, quickly replace the cap and put a match to the nail hole. Good noise.

Same thing today only in the "big bang" carbide cannons. Crackers that did not explode were broken in the middle, a bit of powder appeared at the break, touch a match or punk to it and you have a "hisser." Setting off whole strings of crackers at one time was for the affluent.

It was a lot of fun to put paper caps on the trolley tracks for a block or so and hear them pop when the wheels went over them.

Some of the older young fellows in our neighborhood had a homemade small cannon using black powder. One evening, overloaded, it burst on Pine Street and pieces were found on Ferry Street.

Easton did not go in for parade and band concerts, nevertheless it was a great day if it didn't rain.

Rode In Famous 'Salt River Parade'; Tells Of Ponies In Memorial Day Line

Memorial Day

The Boys in Blue are now only a memory. They have all passed to their reward. Not long after the end of the Civil War, the local Post 217, Grand Army of the Republic, was organized. They had a large membership.

Memorial Day, May 30, was soon instituted and became a national holiday in the North. It once was a big day in

Easton. Streets were lined with people to see the morning parade, but in recent years, although the parades and observances are still held, the interest of the people, their appreciation, has waned, and the day has become "Decoration Day," when flowers are placed in family plots in the several cemeteries.

The parades were, and still are, led by a marshal, a band, a platoon of police and city dignitaries. In my early years there then followed the veterans, most of them of age when they could still march, a few in carriages. Then the Sons of Veterans, the Easton Cadets, the City Guard (later the National Guard) and various other organizations. Boy and Girl Scouts are a later addition.

There was the Reeder Battery of South Easton, with their heavy horse-drawn fieldpiece and caisson. The members who rode these pieces sat rigidly erect with folded arms. And the GAR cannon. It was a highly polished brass fieldpiece, breech loader, and about two and one-half-inch bore, mounted on a beautiful mahogany gun carriage with trailing caisson. It was lost in the great fire that destroyed the Third Street Theatre about 1911, along with the headquarters of the GAR.

The parade formed below the Circle, marched out Northampton to Seventh, and north on Seventh to the cemetery. When entering the cemetery they slowed pace and the band played the funeral march until they reached the point at the rear of the cemetery where the memorial services were held, in presence of a large crowd.

There were prayers, the reading of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, and fervent oratory. At the close, following benediction, three salutes were fired from the brass cannon, followed by three from the big cannon of the Reeder Battery. The ceremony of these salutes was rigid. There followed three volleys of rifle fire over the graves of the unknown. Then back downtown for ceremony and volleys at the Circle. A little boat, bedecked with flowers, was set adrift in the Delaware in hope it would reach the sea. For poignant reasons I have not witnessed any of these parades in Easton or Phillipsburg for many years.

The GAR cannon was always hauled by Garren's ponies. One Garren had a popular oyster house and restaurant on Third Street. Deliveries of oysters, etc. would be made around town in a little wagon drawn by the same ponies that always hauled the brass cannon in the Memorial Day



PATRIOTIC DISPLAY—Uniformed Eastonians pay tribute to the veteran dead as they march along Northampton Street on Memorial Day, 1899. In line are the City Guards, the Easton Cadets,

the Sons of Veterans, and, still stepping spryly, veterans of the Civil War.

parades. The ponies were equipped with bells, and when one heard them they knew Garren was selling some oysters.

Funerals of GAR veterans were usually with military ceremony. The procession included the GAR fife and drum corps with solemn music. But when interment was completed, the corps would march down the street, on the sidewalk, playing lively tunes such as "When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again." Then back to headquarters and, no doubt, refreshments.

Politics-Salt River

It may be that people took their politics especially locally, more seriously in the old days than at present.

My father, a staunch Republican in the Fourth Ward of Easton, would never miss attending a caucus in an election year. That was their means of choosing local candidates.

They were also the days of local political "bosses." We probably still have them to some degree. But when a party was soundly trounced in an election, the winning party made the most of it. This sometimes took the form of a "Salt River Parade," whatever that meant, conducting the losers, in absentia of course, to a trip up Salt River.

One such parade was held Thursday evening, Nov. 17, 1904. "Tickets" were distributed all over town. They read: "Salt River Steamboat for Dismal Democrats — special one-way excursion. The political Side Wheel Steamboat of William Randolph Hearse (sic) will leave Front and Nor-

thampton Streets, Easton, Pa., Thursday evening, Nov. 17, 1904 at 7 o'clock. This personally conducted tour will be under the direction of Fred Hess of the Phoenix Laundry, who will ride in the 'boat' and explain to all 'how it happened.' Mothers have been invited to bring the children as the Democrats have been rendered quite harmless and docile by Roosevelt (Teddy), Schneebeli (of Nazareth) Stotz & Co., the expert tanners. This coupon entitles the bearer to ONE SWAT at the Boss of Bank Street."

It was quite a parade. Bands, torch lights, floats, noise makers, etc., etc. I rode in one of the wagons wearing my Indian suit (about which more later) I still have the above described ticket.

Other than that, I have never been involved in politics, as such.

Cheap Whisky, Turpentine Burned In Lamps During Early Electricity

Illumination

As elsewhere recorded (Bushkill Valley), illumination, other than by candles, was by a mixture of cheap whisky and turpentine burned in lamps of a sort. Many people rendered their own tallow and made it into candles. I have one of those old candle molds.



NOSTALGIC SCENE—This picture, showing part of Union Square, Phillipsburg, and part of Easton to the west, was taken in 1900. Note the pulley-held overhead street light. The clouds ap-

parently were painted in by a photographic retoucher to enhance the scene.

With discovery of oil and refining processes, kerosene, or "coal oil," came into general use, burned in glass or metal-bowl lamps. It was a daily chore to trim the wicks and clean the glass globes, even until well into the 1900's. Most lamps were made with glass bowls.

There were many fires from exploding and upset lamps. We had a slight fire at 13 S. 9th from an upset lamp. Our preacher, Rev. G. S. Brown, a fine man but a so-so preacher, was there and smothered it with a heavy table cover.

There was a concern, the Enterprise Oil Co., who peddled kerosene from house to house in square one-gallon cans, in horse-drawn wagons. You paid 25 cents deposit for the can, then got refills for 10 or 12 cents a gallon. They had a brick building along the Lehigh below Third Street where they kept their six horses in one end and canned the oil in the other end.

Early one evening the place caught fire, with total loss. I can still almost hear the screams of those horses as they were burned to death.

If you took your round gallon can to the grocery to be filled, the grocer would stick a potato in the spout to prevent spillage on the way home.

The use of electricity for residential illumination did not really get under way until about 1900. People were afraid of it. Everything was gas. Pipes would be run through the house to open burner jets sticking out from the wall giving

a weak yellow light. So often these jets were alongside a window. If the window was open and the curtains blew, the firemen would come as soon as their horses could drag them there. Sometimes there were ceiling chandeliers with a number of open jets.

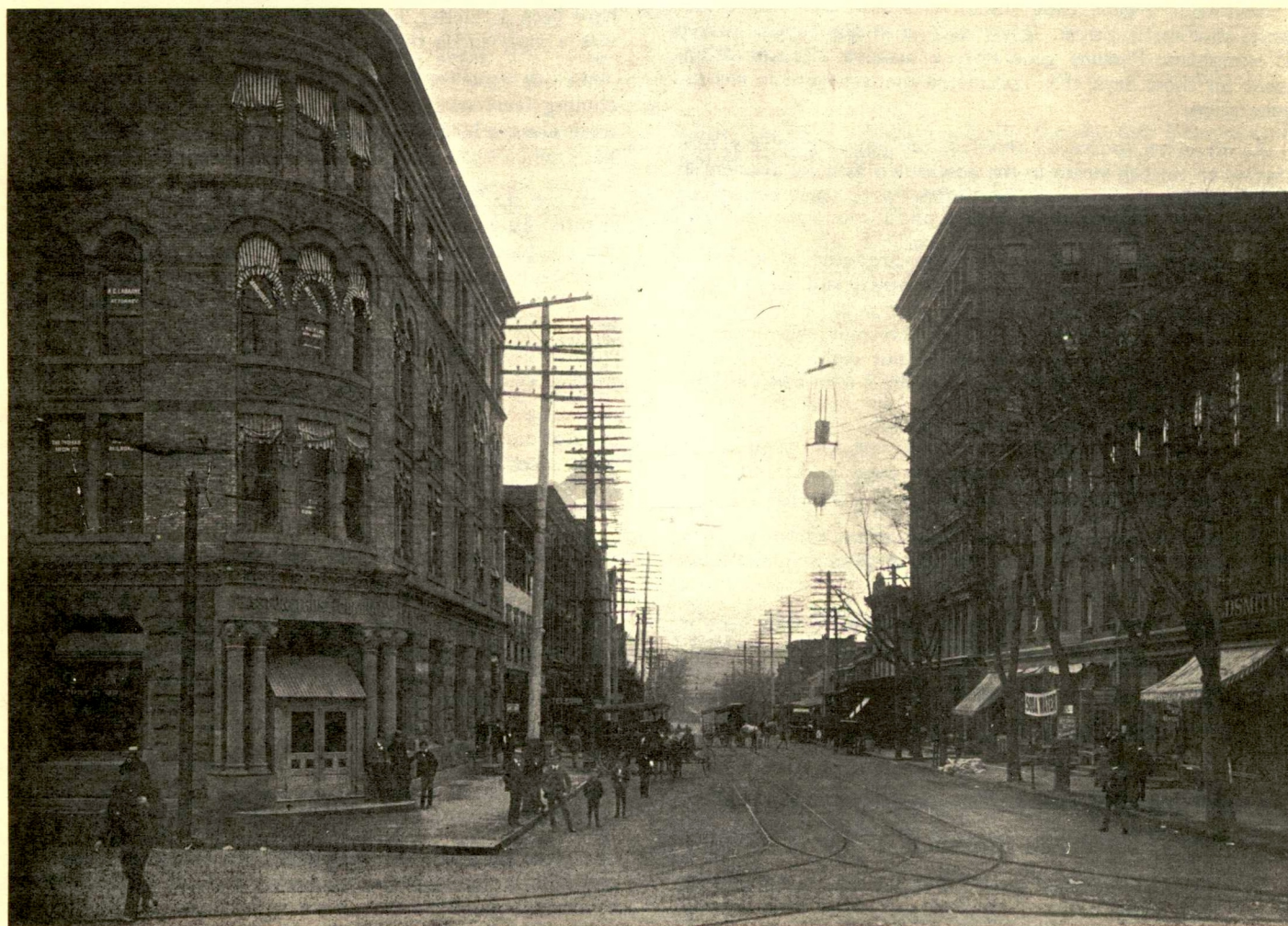
Later, the Welsbach mantle was invented, and many are still in use. It was devised by an Austrian chemist late in the 19th century and consisted of a mantle woven of non-combustible material, probably asbestos, coated with thoria and ceria, suspended over the jet. It gave a brilliant white light. They were quite fragile and short lived, but a boon nevertheless.

Rather crude gas stoves were in use in the 90's. They were usually on high legs, four burners, and box-like sheet-steel oven on the side. Not too many years ago I made a porch table out of a set of these old legs. Two and three-burner gas plates were common.

To promote sale of gas, the gas company would run a line from the street to kitchen and install an open illuminating jet on the kitchen wall, provided you had a gas stove or plate, make all connections, all no charge.

Then they installed 25 cents in the slot meters. This worked O.K. but it was rather rough if the meter ran out in the midst of preparing a meal and you didn't have a quarter.

Kerosene stoves and room heaters came into use. They were tricky, and quite a fire hazard.



DIRECT LIGHTING—An overhead street light is seen at the center in this photograph taken in 1900. The scene is South Third

Street. The Drake Building is at the right. The Easton Trust Co. is at the left.

The Easton Gas Co. had its plant on the west side of Front Street alongside the Bushkill Creek. Gas was made by a process of distillation of soft coal, with a good grade of coke as a residual product. I don't recall that there was a strong market for the coke, but during the great 1902 anthracite strike when it got to a point where local supplies of coal were exhausted, the coke commanded a premium. You hauled it yourself — sometimes by the bag — dumped it into your cellar, then sat on the coal bin floor with a heavy hammer and cracked the big lumps into usable size.

I helped a neighboring kid do that, but my provident dad had enough coal on hand to last for the duration of the strike.

Later, and until natural gas became in common use, fuel oil was used to make "manufactured gas." We kids, on occasion, would go to the plant and swipe lumps of hard tar, for chewing and other uses, including making pellets for our putty blowers.

Electric Lighting

The first local electric generating station I knew of was that of the Edison Electric Co. on Ferry Street between Front and Second, on the bank of the Lehigh. Electricity was generated by "dynamos," several cumbersome machines driven by belt from steam engines. Later, a hydro-electric generating station was built on the south side of the Lehigh River, the turbines driven by water from the canal.

Still later a generating station was built on Dock Street west of Fourth Street. They used a steam turbine-driven Westinghouse-Parsons generator, a massive piece of equipment for those days, then considered the last word in electric generation.

As an extra source of revenue, the power company contracted to furnish steam in the downtown area for residential and commercial heating, and pipes were laid under the streets.

Electricity for street lighting was produced at a station on Wolf Avenue in the 700 block owned and operated by the city. Street illumination of a sort was by carbon arc lights at the intersections. The carbon rods, maybe three-quarters of an inch diameter and about eight inches long, did not last long, and about once a week a man came around to replace them.

The lamps were suspended from a rope over a pulley at the center of the intersection, then the rope ran to and down a pole, allowing the lamp to be raised and lowered.

We kids would scramble for the discarded carbon stumps. They were good for writing on the flagstone sidewalk especially when we played block chase.

All these small power stations passed out of the picture years ago, replaced by giants of production.

600 Men Were Employed At Shops Of LVRR, Three Crack Trains Passed Through Valley The Railroads

Basically, the railroads in this area are now same as then, except that many miles of double track have been reduced to single, prompted by excessive taxation, and made possible by centralized train control.

The Lehigh Valley had heavy passenger traffic from Buffalo and Niagara Falls with Western connections. Before they gained access to New York City via the Pennsylvania Railroad and the Holland Tunnel, the tracks ended at Jersey City. You then embarked on a ferry boat to Cortland Street, Desbrosses, or 23rd, which latter was a long and interesting ride.

I recall the development of passenger cars from wood, with open platforms, to the modern steel construction with vestibules.

Car lighting developed from dim oil lamps to "Pintsch" gas, then to electricity from generators on the axles, with storage batteries used when not running.

The Pintsch gas was a German development. It was generated in a building in a cut at Mount Ida, near the Easton station, highly compressed, and transferred to tanks under the cars.

The Lehigh Valley shops and roundhouse were located in South Easton and at one time employed more than 600 men. They rebuilt cars and maintained and repaired locomotives.

I recall seeing two or three funnel-stacked wood-burning locomotives, long out of service, parked on a side track near the shops. And how well I remember when the roundhouse roof caved in.

It started at one point and gradually progressed until the circle was completed. I did not witness the event, which must have been a thriller, but saw the results a few hours later. It was a mess and a number of locomotives were damaged.

At one time the Valley ran excursions to Jersey City, including ferry to New York, for \$1 return. The long trains were always loaded to capacity. They also ran cheap excursions to Niagara Falls. I don't recall the fare.

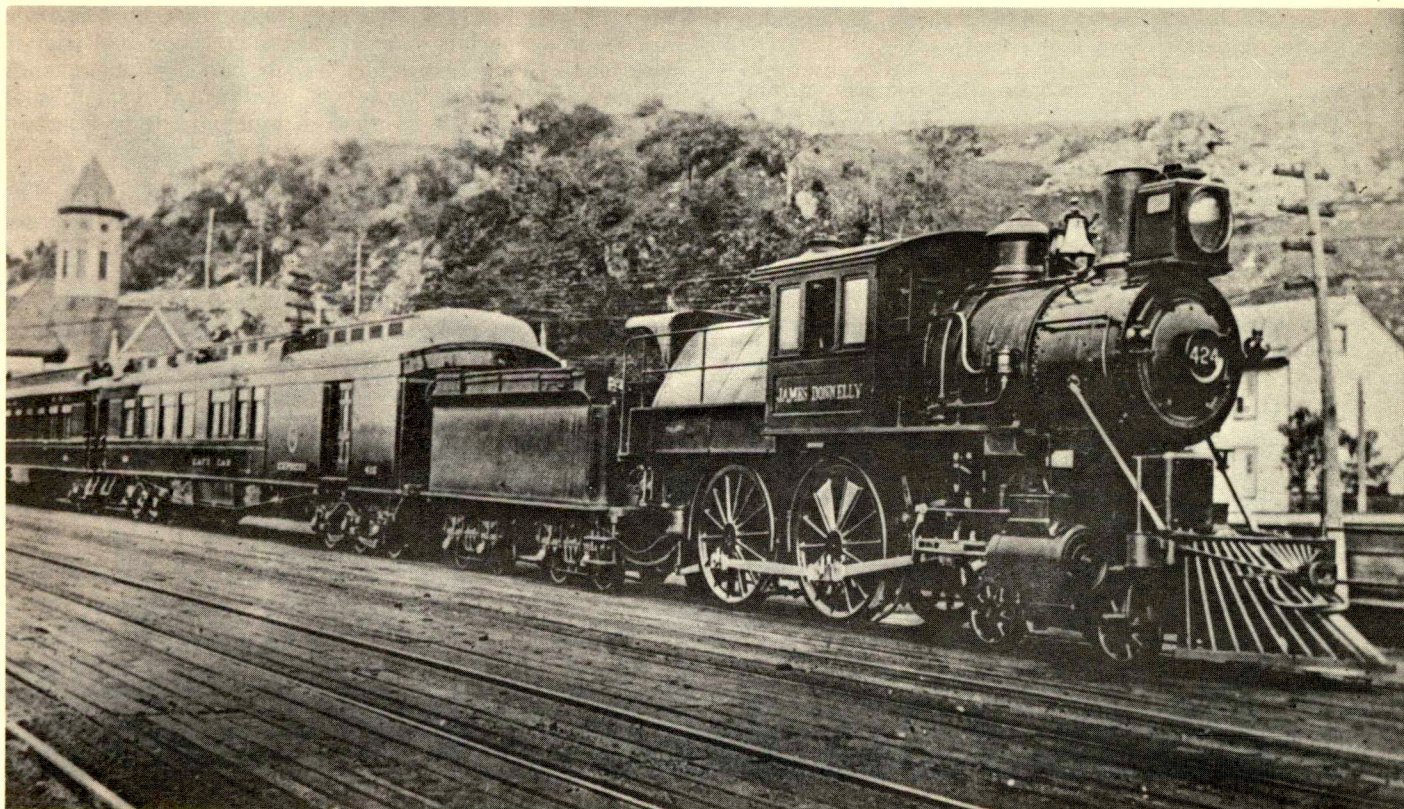
When the Black Diamond (the honeymoon train) was instituted by its first run May 18, 1896, it was supposed to be the last word in luxury trains. It consisted of a couple of day coaches, baggage car, two or three Pullman cars, dining car, and one at the end with open observation platform enclosed by a shiny brass rail. The train suffered a derailment in Phillipsburg, but no injuries.

The Valley had another crack train, the John Wilkes, operating between Wilkes-Barre and New York. When streamlining became a general rage, they sheathed the engine with sheet iron and painted it bright red. It looked like a big projective. In a few years the engine was returned to normal.

About the oddest railroad creation on record was the Valley's inspection car-engine, No. 300, named Dorothy, very ornate. The engine and tender were one unit. On top it looked like a short passenger car, straddling the boiler, with four windows on each side and stairs to get up to it. It seated four to six men. Underneath was the small locomotive, with only one driving wheel on each side, four pilot wheels and four wheels under the tender section.

It was used by the division superintendent and other officials for general inspection purposes up and down the line, and other errands.

It was built in 1884 and served for many years, although it had to be completely rebuilt after it was crumpled between a runaway engine and a standing train in the Phillipsburg yards. It was said that although the boiler was heavily insulated, it was hot riding.



THAT FAMOUS TRAIN—The first Black Diamond, with the locomotive, "The James Donnelly," is shown above. The photograph was taken at the Lehigh Valley Railroad Station in Easton

May 14, 1896, where it was on display. The first run was made four days later.

There was a time when the railroads adopted every means to increase passenger business. In the early 1900's, the Valley created Bellewood Park, at the Pattenburg end of the tunnel under the Musconetcong Mountain. It was immediately popular, with its roller coaster and other amusements, and a quite classy restaurant. From the metropolitan area and from up the line as far as Mauch Chunk, at cheap excursion rates, thousands of people gathered there on weekends.

The park was closed when the restaurant burned in 1915, and in the meantime the calibre of the metropolitan patronage had seriously deteriorated. The road may have been glad to get rid of it.

Easton and Phillipsburg comprise a natural center for railroads, as they did for the canals. In addition to the Lehigh Valley, there are the Jersey Central, starting at Wilkes-Barre, the Lehigh & Hudson, Pennsylvania and Erie-Lackawanna, formerly the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western.

The Jersey Central, operating to Jersey City, was developed primarily as a coal handler, but also hauled a great deal of general freight. They always gave passenger service, discontinued in this area a few years ago, but continuing commuter service in the metropolitan area. Their crack train was the Queen of the Valley. It is recorded elsewhere herein how their bridge over the Lehigh was wrecked in the flood of October 1903.

The Erie-Lackawanna is a branch line from Phillipsburg, picking up freight from other local roads, and connecting with the main line at Washington, N. J. The Lehigh & Hudson operates trains, freight only, from Allentown via the Jersey Central to Easton, thence via the sloping curved bridge connecting to the Pennsylvania tracks in Phillipsburg, and thence to Belvidere, thereon by their own rail to Warwick, N. Y. The curved bridge itself is the Phillipsburg and

South Easton Railroad, reputedly the shortest incorporated railroad in the country.

The Belvidere & Delaware Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad was from Philadelphia to Manunka Chunk, connecting with the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western and using their tracks to Stroudsburg. I once used that route to get to Syracuse, N. Y. on company business. There were as many as five trains a day, each way, through Phillipsburg to Philadelphia.

I rode that line many times, alighting at Frankford Junction on the main line, then by trolley to the home of my uncle and aunt, Charles and Amnetta Masland at 2027 East Allegheny Ave.

From their house it was only a few blocks to the Masland Carpet Mill at Amber and Westmoreland Streets. It was a five-story brick building, a separate dye house, power house, warehouse, etc. All machinery was driven by belts from a large steam engine.

I had full freedom of the mill and made the most of it. I learned a great deal about carpet making as done in those days. I well recall standing on a fifth-floor balcony and watching the commercial sailing ships on the Delaware not far away.

First U. S. Diesel-Electric Locomotive Built By I-R; 2 Major Wrecks Recalled

Part II

The Railroads

Ingersoll-Rand Co. built the first diesel-electric locomotive in this country. They were powered by a six-inch bore, eight-

inch stroke, 300-horsepower engine built at the Phillipsburg plant. A few built later had larger engines.

American Locomotive Co. furnished the body and running gear, General Electric Co. furnished the motors for the axles and the generator to be mounted direct on the engine shaft. After a few years they withdrew from this field but continued to make many engines for others, and for other uses. General Motors and American Locomotive picked up the business.

Maybe the modern diesels are cleaner. Maybe they require much less maintenance. Maybe they are cheaper to operate. But there is nothing like the romance of steam — the iron horse.

Freight cars of the 90's were of nowhere near the length or the capacity of the present, and a train of 50 cars was a long one.

Although Eli Hamilton Janney invented the modern car coupler in 1868, the railroads were characteristically averse to any innovations.

The link and pin had been the standard arrangement. It consisted of a forged iron link and two pins, one for each car. When coupling, the brakeman had to stand between the cars and at exactly the right moment steer the link into the socket, then drop the pin in place. This all too frequently resulted in the loss of fingers, or a hand, and many lives crushed out. But labor was cheap. There were still some cars in the 90's that had that arrangement.

Stopping the trains was another problem. All cars were, and still are, equipped with hand brakes, operated by a wheel

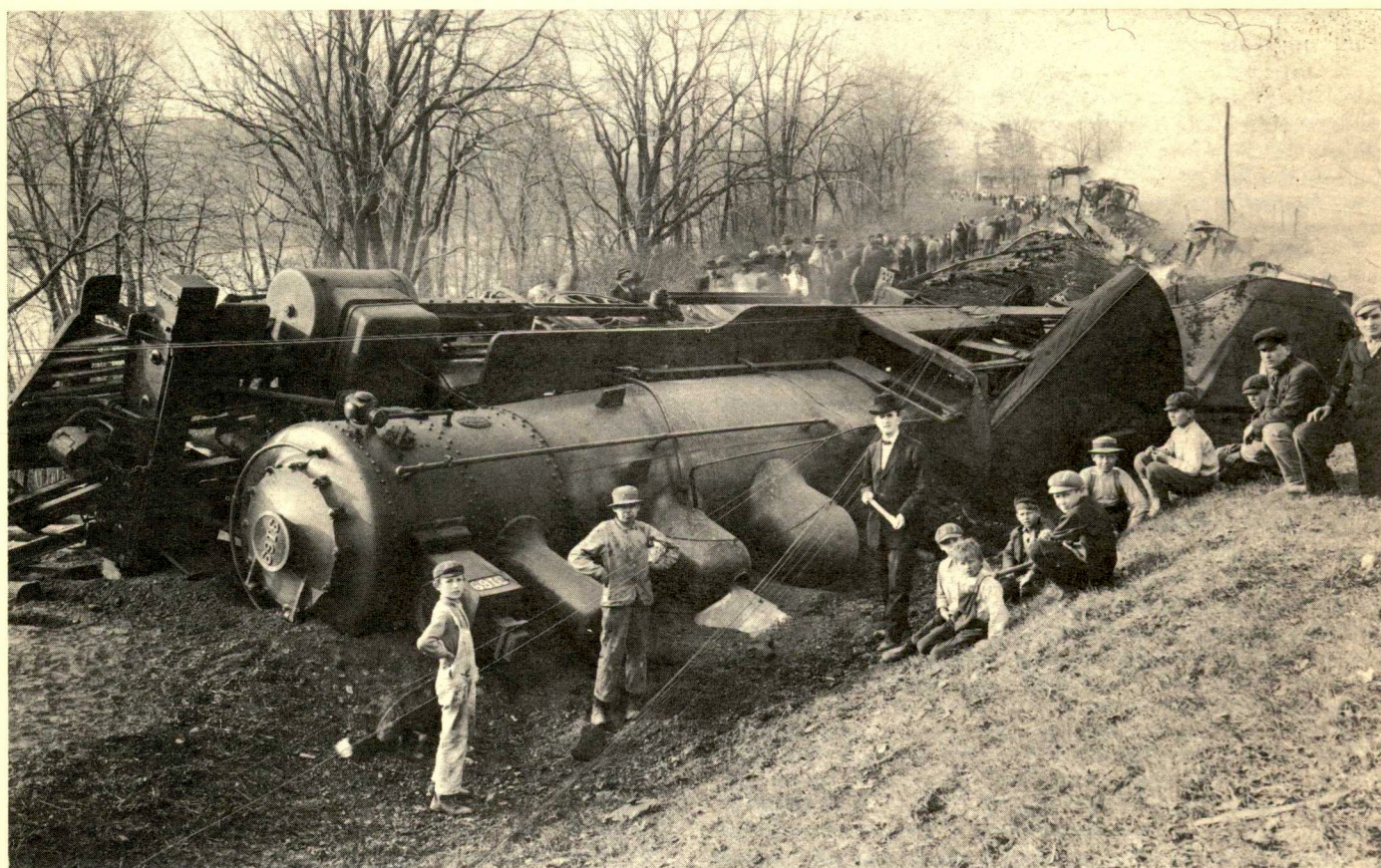
weather, and I saw it often, the brakeman would have to run from one car to another, along the roof, and operate that wheel. To gain leverage he had a heavy hickory stick at one end projecting above the car top. In all kinds of to insert in the spokes. If the stick broke he had an excellent chance of falling between the cars.

George Westinghouse invented the air brake in 1869. The railroads again were not interested. Finally the Railroad Safety Appliance Act made their use mandatory, but it was a long time until the air brake came into general use. Because of the air brake and modern signal systems, also long resisted by the railroads, cars are now up to 70 feet long and trains more than a mile long.

All early passenger cars were of wood, death traps when easily shattered by collision, and fire traps as well when the shock of collision upset the pot belly stove at the end of each car. On one or more of my early trips to Philadelphia I recall just such cars. Later, steam was piped to the cars from the locomotive.

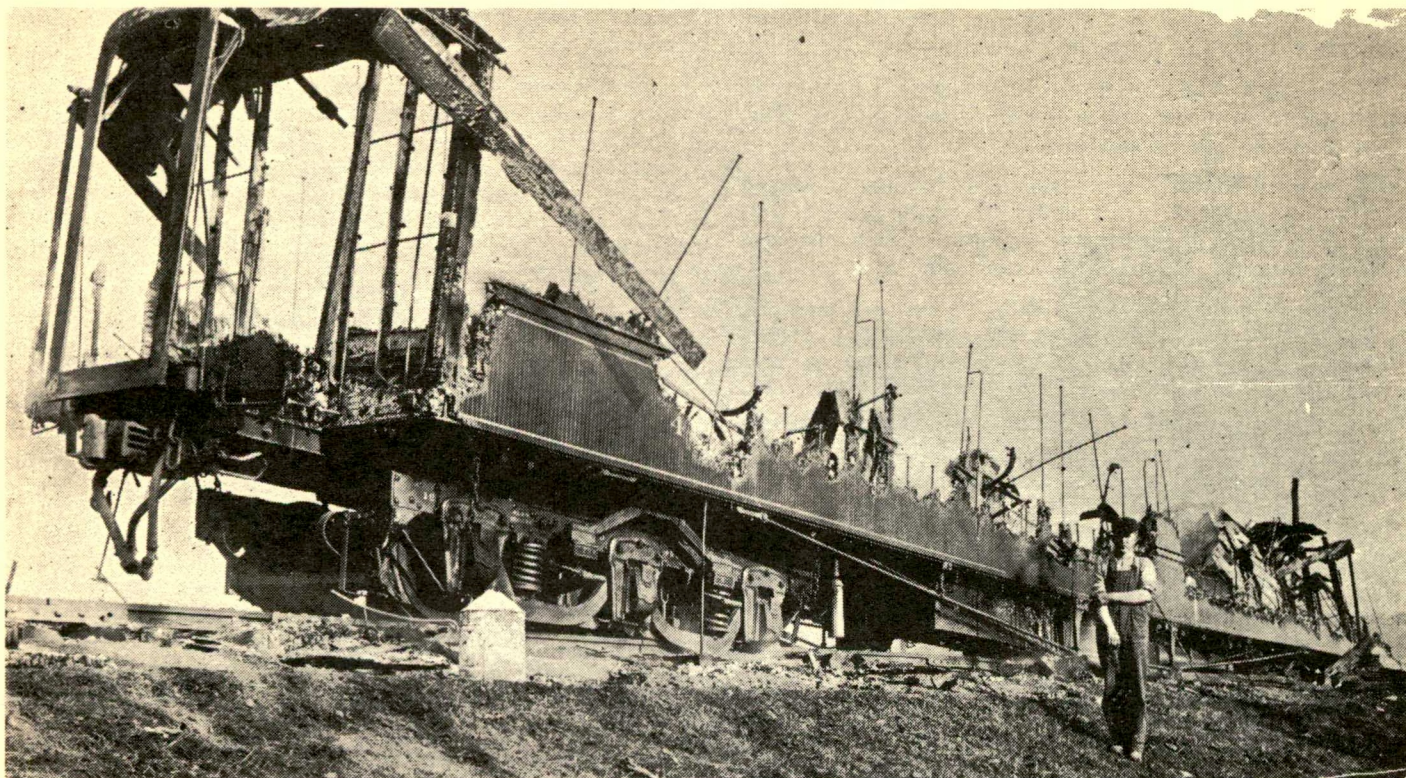
Considering the number of railroads in this area, and their heavy traffic, there were relatively few disasters.

However, on April 29, 1911, an excursion train of teachers from Utica, N. Y. bound for Washington, D. C., was derailed and the wooden cars burned at Martins Creek on the Pennsylvania Railroad. Thirteen persons died; eight of the bodies could not be identified. There were many injuries. A special train of several baggage cars was run to the scene and the survivors brought to Phillipsburg for transportation by a horse-drawn ambulance and hearses to the old Easton Hospital then on Wolf Avenue east of Seventh Street, One



SCENE OF TRAGEDY—Spectators view the wrecked locomotive in this picture taken shortly after a derailment in Martins

Creek on April 29, 1911. Thirteen persons were killed.



WRECKED WOODEN CAR—One of the passenger cars wrecked in Martins Creek in 1911 stands as mute evidence of the

of the injured, and I saw them unload a number, while being carried out of the baggage car on a stretcher, asked for and was given a lighted cigarette. He died en route to the hospital.

Another, at about 3 a.m. on the morning of June 16, 1925, claimed 56 lives. An excursion train carrying a large group of Germans from Chicago to New York for embarkation to Germany, running on the old main line of the DL&W, crashed into a pile of debris that had been washed from the hillside during a severe storm earlier in the night. But these were all-steel cars. Photos which I have, in Shampayne's History of Warren County, indicate that the train was traveling at high speed.

Herbert Godley was a Lehigh Valley locomotive engineer who lived at Ninth and Pine. His passenger run was from Easton to Jersey City and back. When I was about 16 he allowed me to ride in the cab on his eastbound trip, on Train No. 6, and express from Buffalo that went through Easton about 6 a.m. That was a thriller. About half way across Jersey the engine developed a hot box in one of the axles. It took a lot of water from the tender to cool it but a good shot of fresh grease allowed us to continue. We were late leaving Easton, but got to Jersey only a few minutes late, which means that we traveled. From the ferry house I had a good time watching river traffic, then returned home on another train, "on the cushions."

Soon after starting work at Ingersoll-Rand, May 15, 1906, I got to be on good terms with Wally Case, engineer of the yard locomotive. It was a steamer, of course, water tank curving over the top of the boiler, four drivers and no pilot or trailer wheels, and no tender. The coal was carried in two side bins near the fire door. And so, in my off time, after work and Saturday afternoons, Wally trained me in its operation. According to him, I became quite adept at moving at the right speed to couple on cars, front or rear. I also learned how to shovel coal and work the water injector.

hazards of wooden cars. The train carried teachers on an excursion to Washington, D. C.

The thing had direct acting steam brakes. Unless the brake valve was carefully "feathered" the brakes would grab and there was a good chance of going head-first out the front or back. Eventually, the liability insurance people terminated my career as a locomotive engineer.

It took no special talent to ring the bell or blow the whistle.

Downtown Easton Streets Were Paved With Brick And Creosoted Wood Blocks

Streets

In the 90's we had no concrete or blacktop streets. Excepting the downtown area, where the streets were paved with brick and later creosoted wood blocks, all of the so-called paved streets were what was called water-bound macadam, a mixture of clay, water and small stones rolled on top of a not-so-good base.

Spread out, this mixture was rolled with a horse-drawn roller, on top of which was a box filled with cast iron to give weight. Blacktop, or asphalt streets, came much later, and slowly. In the late 90's, the city acquired a steam road roller that would chug-chug back and forth until the surface was thoroughly compacted and smooth.

When the road to Nazareth was built it had a Telford base, of fairly large stones laid by hand, like a horizontal stone wall.

The first piece of concrete highway in the country was an experimental mile on the Morris Turnpike, now Route 24, east of Stewartsville. It was the brainchild of Thomas Edison. When the entire route was replaced with blacktop in recent years two sections of the original concrete, about six-

feet square, one at each end of the mile, were allowed to remain for historic and maybe nostalgic reasons.

Edison, the versatile inventor of the electric light, phonograph, and many other devices, owned a cement plant at New Village, now long out of existence.

Edison was an early experimenter in burning powdered soft coal with forced draft under his steam boilers. The whole interior of the boiler house gradually accumulated a layer of coal dust, which is highly explosive.

One afternoon in the early 1900's the building blew up, killing several men, and causing a disastrous fire. Horse-drawn fire pumps and hose wagons were driven all the way from Central Fire Station in Easton.

New methods of handling powdered coal make it relatively safe.

Italian Immigrants

There was much Italian immigration in the 80's, 90's and early 1900's, and in general their lot was hard. Of course there were the few who were able to improve their situation and to give their families some degree of comfort and education, but too many were doomed to a pick and shovel existence. They were downgraded and derided. Some, however, possessed trades and were usually good workmen. The com-

mon laborers lived mostly in localized settlements, under crowded conditions. Knife fights were common.

One, Onofrio Sachetti, was a "padrone." He operated a private bank and had such control that all had to deposit their money with him. He was their employment agent, and made the most of it with fees. He also operated lodging houses, mere slums, where the men were herded six to a room and many times had to sleep on the floor. It was a dreary situation for those who had come here so hopefully. But, eventually Sachetti died, miserably, and unlamented.

As one example. About 1900 the Water Company ran a 16-inch pipe line from the College Hill reservoir to the newly constructed standpipe at 15th and Ferry Streets. Much of the trench was through rock. There were no portable air compressors or rock drills. All rock work was done with heavy sledges and hand drilling for blasting. From my observation it seemed that the lunch for most of them was a hunk of dry bread and a raw cucumber.

One day, at Ninth and Northampton, one of the men was in the trench using a sledge to break a rock. It slipped and crashed on his big toe. He yelled in agony. They sent for a Dr. Lee who lived on the corner. The shoe was removed, no sock, and the toe went up like a balloon. The good doctor pulled out his pocket knife. The blood squirted. Then he was



STREET SCENE—In the top photo Centre Square is shown as it appeared the day before Thanksgiving in 1900. Trolley car tracks

are in the foreground. The picture was taken looking toward North Third Street.



BUSY STREET—Northampton Street, shown looking east from Centre Square, was anything but busy when this picture was taken

told to put his shoe on and get back to work — his pain was of no consequence.

But as already indicated, there were those who quickly adjusted to American ways — got into business, had their own homes and raised estimable families, several of which I knew. Their situation was probably not worse than that of the Irish who preceded them.

Recalls Dedication Of Circle Flagpole And Old-Time Saloons And 3 Breweries

Circle and Monument

Some time after the Northampton County Court House, which stood in the Circle, was demolished, a large, beautiful cast-iron fountain was installed, also a cast-iron fence along the inside of the sidewalk.

At some time during or immediately after the Spanish-American War, the fountain was removed to Nevin Park, at the foot of Lafayette Street, to make place for a tall flagpole. On the night of the dedication of the pole the square was crowded, with a lot of ceremony and band music. The flag, tied in a large ball, was hoisted to the peak, a rope

early in the century. The paving of that era wouldn't have stood up under today's traffic.

pulled, and hundreds of little flags fluttered to the ground. I scrambled along with everyone else, but could not get a flag.

When World War II was started, the fountain in Nevin Park was broken up for scrap to make munitions, which probably did not affect the outcome of the war one bit. But Easton was never noted for its appreciation of esthetic values.

The present soldiers monument was unveiled May 10, 1900, with much pomp and ceremony. The bugler on top, facing west as if to play taps, has withstood the vicissitudes of climate all these years and never blew a note.

For many years, and still today to some degree, the Circle was a large farmers market. Space along the curb was at premium, every inch occupied with market wagons backed to the curb, with stands on the sidewalk displaying the fruits of the soil. Live chickens were sold, and decapitated right there.

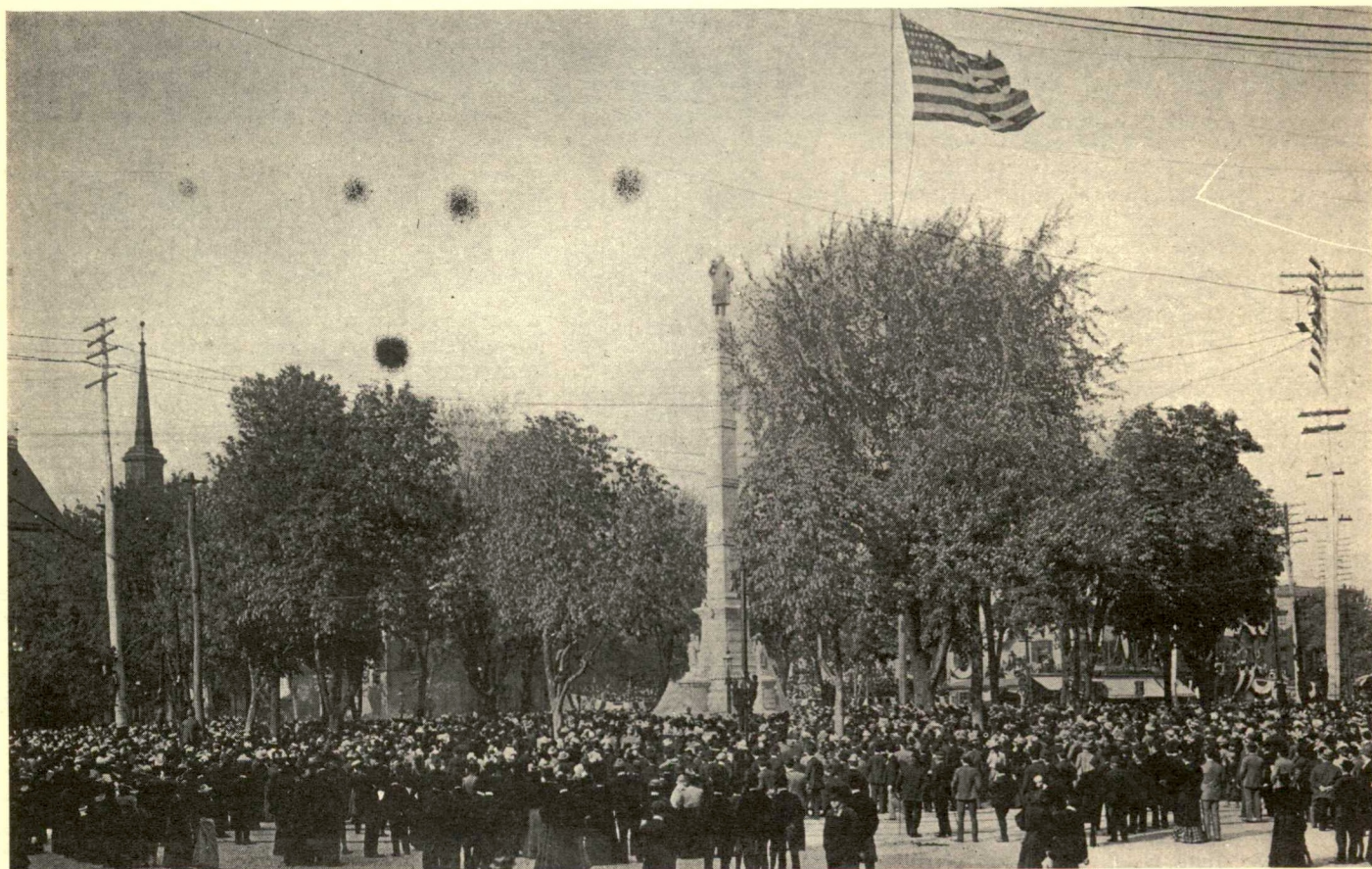
In cold weather the farmers would specialize on their "pork butchering," fresh pork roasts, home-made pon-haas, scrapple, liver pudding, sausage — all displayed in the open, and they were the horse and buggy days, when sanitation was not overemphasized.

Every year, the day before Memorial Day, the farmers



MARKET DAY—This picture was taken on a market day in 1889. In the center of the lawn of Centre Square is shown the cast-

iron fountain which replaced the original Northampton County Court House and was replaced by the present monument.



HISTORIC VIEW—This photo shows the unveiling of the monument in Centre Square May 10, 1900. The monument replaced

a flagpole, which, in turn, replaced a cast iron fountain. The Northampton County Court House originally stood in the Circle.

would have big tubs of field daisies, still, in my book, with geraniums, the best flowers for the purpose.

For some years there was a very active market on 12th Street between Northampton and Spring Garden. Tomatoes, 15 cents a basket, at times, believe it or not.

Saloons

The old-time saloons were rough places, as a rule. They could be smelled almost across the street. Loud talk and foul language was very audible outside.

The interiors were frequently dingy. The beer was probably heavier and "headier" than now. A 12- or 14-ounce side-handled "schooner" cost 5 cents. A glass of barrel whiskey was 10 cents. Bottled and branded whiskey 15 cents.

Most saloons had a separate "ladies entrance" to a room and tables at the rear.

It was not too rare to see an inebriate bursting through the swinging doors with the "bouncer's foot where a foot would naturally be in such circumstances, and land sprawling on the sidewalk.

Drunkenness on the streets was vastly more common than now, and especially on Saturday nights the horse-drawn

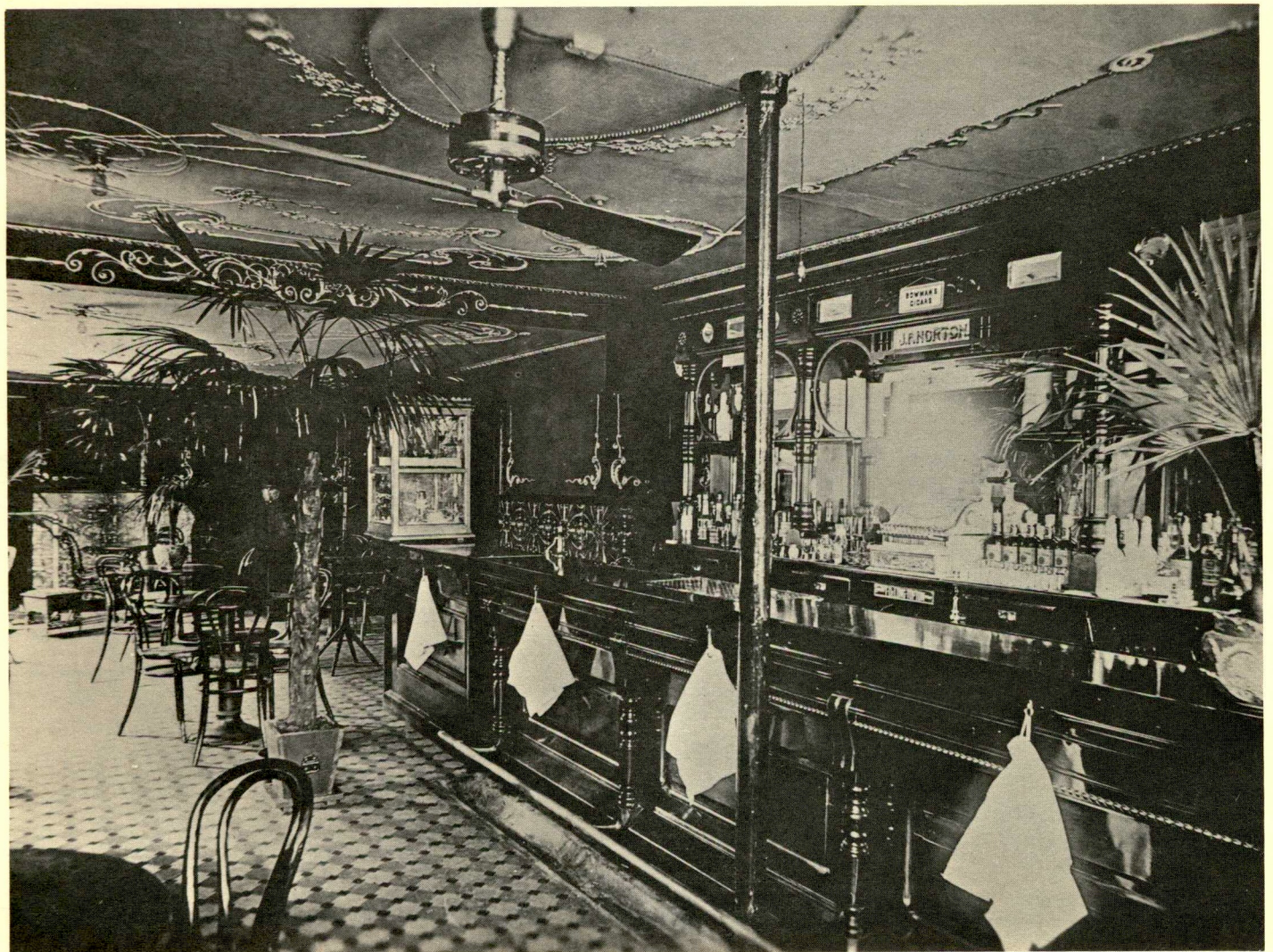
paddy wagon, or Black Maria, was busy hauling the boys off to the hoosegow, to recover.

Some saloons, especially downtown, featured a free lunch, often quite elaborate. Many a Lafayette College student was well fed with a nickel beer and free lunch. When there was no free lunch, there were always plenty of pretzels and peanuts.

And yet, there was a lot of good fellowship. To many, it was their Saturday night club house. And let it be understood that not all were dingy — there were many well-kept attractive places.

Easton had three breweries: Seitz, at Front and Bushkill, Kuebler, on South Delaware Drive, and Xavier Viele, on Locust Street. They were strong competitors. Much could be said about their control of otherwise privately owned saloons, in fact, the breweries owned a number of them. A saloon usually sold only one brand of local beer.

Much could be written about the saloons and road houses during the era of Prohibition. Northampton County, under one certain district attorney, a "church man," had for years a sordid record of crime and political corruption and the county was known far and wide. Anyone who wanted a drink or other accommodation could easily get it. But a new district attorney cleaned house.



EASTON OASIS—A saloon of the pre-Prohibition era was restricted to men only. The one shown above is Norton's bar at South

Third and Washington Streets. The picture was taken in 1899.

I firmly believe that the evils of Prohibition far outweighed those of the past, and we are still feeling the effect. Prohibition contributed greatly toward wrecking the morals of the country.

Many who had previously never touched a drop began drinking because it was smart to outwit the law. That is my opinion, worth that much and no more.

Corner Grocery Served Neighborhoods; Hay's And Dan Conklin's Stood Out

In the days of which I write there were not supermarkets nor modern shopping centers. The needs of the neighborhood were served by the corner grocery.

Possibly half or more of the food products now so common were not then available, certainly not in the present variety. Of course there were the canned goods aplenty, but of limited brands.

"Staples" were such things as dried beans, soup and lima, dried prunes and apricots, several kinds of cheese, in "wheels" and so on, all weighed out as purchased — nothing pre-weighed and wrapped.

Molasses and vinegar came in barrels, drawn out in your containers. Pickles were in barrels. Soda crackers in barrels. Sugar in barrels. Cookies in boxes with hinged lids, returnable for credit.

Bread was five cents for a full pound loaf, usually locally milled flour. Sugar four cents a pound, expensive at five cents. The cracker and sugar barrels were known as "slack" barrels, and were collected by C. K. Williams Co. at 25 cents each, and used by them for shipping dry paint pigments, although they also had their own cooper shop.

Coffee came in cloth bags. It was weighed out and put through a hand-operated grinder, to fineness to suit the customer. In summer, there were some green goods, and melons, but these were mostly peddled by hucksters.

Tub butter was about 18 cents a pound.

Scales were of the old balance kind, with various size iron weights. There was an unscrupulous grocer on Fourth Street who drilled out the bottom of his weights to make them lighter. He was caught and punished.

There were two stores that stand out in my memory. One was owned by Abraham Hay and brother William, at Seventh and Northampton. (In later years they erected a large brick building across the street and are still there, but primarily as a hardware and paint store, until recent years, at



NO SUPERMARKETS—There were no supermarkets or shopping centers when this photograph was taken, but Daniel Conklin's store, at the southwest corner of Northampton Street at Centre

Square, shown at the left, was a popular emporium. Under the wooden awning were barrels of molasses, pickles, mackerel and sugar.

least, they still sold bulk molasses and kerosene). The other store was operated by Dan Conklin, at the southwest corner of Northampton and Centre Square, where Farr Bros. shoe store is now located.

From my earliest recollection, my father dealt at Hay's until his death in 1906. They were a thoroughly reliable and honest store. Their line of goods was standard and complete. They also sold nails and hardware. Pipe tobacco came in wooden buckets, sold by weight, "long cut" and "fine cut," also loose chewing tobacco. Chewing tobacco also came in "plugs" maybe an inch thick and two or more inches wide, and they had sort of a guillotine gadget to cut off whatever was wanted.

A number of candies came in wooden pails, the always popular cone-shaped chocolate creams and some hard candies, also the "French mixture" especially popular around Christmas. They did not handle meats, they were not a butcher shop, but did have several kinds of bologna, and real cured dried beef in long strips, and would use a hand-operated slicer. There was always the "string end." When they had sliced as far as they could, they put these ends aside to give to some of us kids. They made good chewing for quite awhile. Out front, at the curb, was a wire-enclosed coop for chickens. You selected the one you wanted, they tied its legs together, you toted it home to kill and dress yourself.

When you paid your bill every Saturday night they would give you a "receipt," a small bag of peppermint and winter-green lozenges and or maybe a few bananas.

Dan Conklin's store was considerably larger than Hay's and favorably located for the "wealthy" downtown business. The floor was usually covered with sawdust.

Outside, a wooden awning extended from the building to the curb, and around the Centre Square side. The Square side was usually piled with barrels of molasses, pickles, mackerel, sugar, etc. Sometimes the barrels leaked a bit, causing some odors, and the passing ladies would have to life their exceedingly long skirts, which wasn't too serious because they all wore high-buttoned shoes.

Dan was a rip-roaring religionist. I won't say what denomination, you can guess, and several times I heard him pray at Wednesday night prayer meetings, an opportunity he never missed, and how fervently and passionately he could pray. But it was commonly said of him, and we trust not true, his thumb brought him extra profit at the counter scales. That was not uncommon.

The store canopies, or wooden awnings, were quite common along Northampton and South Third Streets — they were a haven in time of storm. But eventually the town fathers ordered their removal.

Although there were none in Easton, maybe I should mention the "company stores," such as the one operated in Alpha by the Alpha Portland Cement Co. Employees dealt there, or else, and "on the book." It was common talk that when their book was totaled up on payday they had little money to take home. That's how many fortunes were made.

Slaughter Houses And Butcher Shops Had Bi-Products Drover, Skimmer

To my knowledge there were two slaughter houses, or abattoirs in Easton, although I was told that many years ago there was one at what is now Front and 25th Streets in Wilson and there must have been one or more in South Easton.

One was on Delaware Drive, between Front and Third Street. Conditions there were not too bad but refuse was usually dumped into the Bushkill and probably was nourishing to the fish. I bought some beef there as late as 1915. With good teeth it was quite edible, certainly not Western steer, probably local old cows.

But there was one on Pine Street, west of Sixth, that I can picture to this day. Conditions there were bad, even for those times. Liquid wastes, carrying some solids, would flow out of the place and into the street gutter. And it smelled. It did not last long.

"Consumptives" would go to these places when they were slaughtering beef and drink the warm blood, expecting a cure. I don't recall hearing the word tuberculosis at that time.

Few today ever saw a drover or know what he was. He was one who drove cattle and sheep to market. One afternoon I saw a considerable herd of cattle come down Wood Avenue to Northampton, herded by a drover, probably consigned to one of the local slaughter houses. They were quite docile, unaware of their impending doom.

A typical butcher shop was one on Northampton Street, just a few doors west of Ninth, operated by a German named



PART OF HISTORY—The historic Taylor House at Ferry and South Fourth Streets was Schooley's Meat Market when this picture was taken about 1905. The owner, Walter Schooley, 95, of 49 Fillmore Street, Phillipsburg, readily identified himself as the young butcher in the long coat and cap of his trade chatting with a letter carrier. Matilda Bodder ran a small grocery store in the building for some years before Col. Jacob Dachrodt came home from Civil War service and opened a meat market there. William F. Spitznagle subsequently took it over and ran it before Schooley bought it. Spitznagle's son, Harry P. Spitznagle, barber in Hotel Easton, was born in the living quarters upstairs Jan. 1, 1902.

Weber. The floor, as usual, was covered with a thick layer of sawdust. At intervals of a few days the sawdust would be stirred up to make the dirtiest part settle to the bottom. Refrigeration was negligible, ice being used, and the shop had a characteristic odor.

Meat was cheap. Soup bones five cents or maybe 10. Cat meat five cents a pound, dog bones usually free, and suet free with a piece of beef. Although I don't remember Weber wearing one, the trademark of a butcher was a flat-brimmed straw hat, a "skimmer."

Flies were plentiful, everywhere, traveling between the shop and that little house out back with the crescent moon in the door. Lacking modern spray insecticides, the best weapon was sticky fly paper. It came in sheets that were laid out flat and the sweet coating attracted its victims.

It also came in rolls an inch or so wide. Unrolled, it was hung from the ceiling, and replaced when totally black, which didn't take long. There was lots of fly paper sold, and it was wicked stuff to get accidentally wrapped around your hands — it took lots of hot water and some cussing to get clear of it.

Was One Of 162 'Little Indians' In Special Abel's Opera House Show

Part I

Abel's Opera House, demolished a few years ago, was located on the south side of Northampton Street east of Fourth. It was built in 1872 by Edward Abel. It was the scene of every kind of theatrical production, and popular, especially for its Shakesperian plays.

My first visit was about 1900 when my father took me to see the latest marvel, moving pictures, featuring a travelogue and comics. They were truly "flickers," but the house was crowded and everyone thought it was marvelous, undoubtedly true.

Several times each season there were minstrel shows, the participants a dozen or more, seated in a row, all blackfaced except the "interlocutor" seated in the center. He, and the two "endmen" provided the jokes. The program would include singing, and buck dancing. Such shows would hardly be permissible these days because of the racial implications.

Another popular feature was the traveling theatrical troupes or "stock companies." They performed every day, matinee and evening, six days a week, and had a wide repertoire. Price of admission was 10 cents in the top balcony, 20 cents in the first balcony, and 30 cents in the orchestra. They hired a special officer, and he was a tough one, to keep order in the top balcony — it didn't take much effort to heave eggs, or tomatoes, or anything handy, onto the stage.

Some of the companies were sizeable and frequently they would parade at noon from the Opera House to Second Street and back in time to their own music (?). That was where you could see "mellerdrummer" in full bloom. I would go whenever I could mooch a dime, which wasn't too often.

Of course, the week wasn't complete without Uncle Tom's Cabin. Little Eva's death scene with Uncle Tom ("Good-by, Uncle Tom") made everyone weep. Eliza's escape across the ice of the Ohio River, chased by the baying bloodhounds was a real thriller. And Simon Legree, with his bull whip thrashing the slaves, drew plenty of boos and hisses, maybe

some tomatoes. And there were many others, featuring the lovely, pure, chaste heroine, and, of course, the villain. They were all clean shows, now a thing of the past. An era is gone.

On Feb. 13 and 14, 1903, there was presented a play, "The Eastonians," for the benefit of the Easton Home for Aged and Infirm Women.

It was staged by some outside promoters, and was a huge success. All participants were local people, some quite young. There must have been nearly 500 of them. I have preserved a copy of the program which lists all the actors under their various categories. It is interesting to go over all these names of kids you knew. I was in the group of 162 "Little Indians," maybe appropriate enough, and Clara Lambert, later my wife, was well cast with a group of 36 "Little Grandmothers."

I was attired in a brown flannel Indian suit, made by my oldest sister, Ida. The headband, with turkey feathers, was generously adorned with sequins. To make the long braids of hair I went to the "Ropey," (Rinek Cordage Co.) and got some hemp, which was then dyed black. That suit, minus some sequins and part of the hair, I still have, and it is in fairly good condition. It has been worn many times by my children, grandchildren and a few others, for Halloween and parties.

Wonderland Became Rink Before Fire, Out Of Ashes Rose Orpheum Theater

Part II

On South Front Street there stood a large frame building called the Wonderland Theater, where presentations of various sorts were given. It finally boiling down to vaudeville and burlesque and the place was not held in high repute. Eventually it was converted into a roller skating rink and became known as the "Rink," although many other shindigs were held there.

Early on Sunday morning, June 16, 1901 it burned, a most spectacular fire which I could see from the third-floor window of my home on Ninth Street. With it went the adjoining Serfass lumber yard, and I believe one house. Phillipsburg firemen laid a hose line across the Delaware bridge and pumped effectively from Union Square, a performance that was rated highly commendable.

Out of the ashes of the Rink rose the Orpheum Theater, attractive inside and out. It was primarily a high-grade vaudeville house and for years was well patronized. Vaudeville eventually became passe, the place stood idle for years, and was finally demolished.

Easton had its full share of early movie houses, usually in a large store room or hall. Admission was five cents, hence they were called "nickelodeons." The early seats were usually plain benches, no backs. By Saturday night the floor would be thoroughly covered with peanut shells.

Serials were featured. Outstanding was "The Perils of Pauline." Week after week she survived every conceivable hazard without a scratch.

There was one in a store room in the northeast corner of Centre Square. There, in 1915, I saw "Preparedness," depicting goose-stepping German armies and the militarism that finally resulted in World War I, which was supposedly



THEATRICAL LANDMARK—The Abel Opera House, still showed vaudeville when this picture was taken in 1910, but what was to be the death of that art, motion pictures, were shown in the

Jewel Theatre, in the same building. The sign over the Jewel box office says admission was five cents. The opera house was built by Edward Abel in 1873.



WHEN VAUDEVILLE REIGNED—The Orpheum Theater on South Front Street was a well-patronized vaudeville house when this picture was taken in about 1910. It stood on the site of the Wonder-

started by the assassination of the Crown Prince of Austria at Sarajevo but actually was in the making for some time. Kaiser Wilhelm was finally forced off his throne.

I am not listing the theaters presently in operation, nor all of the earlier ones, all of which succumbed.

The Third Street Theater, formerly the Bijou, on the east side of Third Street below Pine, was well equipped and exceedingly popular. It was the victim of a raging fire early

land Theater, which became a roller skating rink and was destroyed by fire in 1901.

in the snowy morning of March 5, 1912. The blaze also caused much damage to adjoining buildings. It destroyed the hall occupied by the GAR and its famous brass cannon.

A theater, built for the purpose, the Roxie, was located on Northampton Street east of the armory, near Seventh. Business was never good, and it was destroyed by fire during the night of Feb. 16, 1935.

The Twelfth Street Theater was located between Nor-

thampton and Ferry Streets. It also had a comparatively short life and the building is now in other use.

The Strand Theater was at 516 Northampton Street, near Sixth, on the site of a former beer garden that had an enormous linden tree in its front yard. This building is now occupied by the Veterans of Foreign Wars and some stores.

In those days there were no talking movies. Every movie house had its "pianner," with a hefty female pounding out an aimless cacophony of so-called music, always loud, but extra loud in the thriller part of the picture and moderated somewhat for the tragic spots. Anyway, it kept the customers awake and eating peanuts.

My first experience with talking pictures was in the early fall of 1928 when I was stationed for three weeks in Syracuse, N. Y., on company business. I was homesick for my wife and kids. I saw a talking picture advertised, Al Jolson in "The Singing Fool," and I went. He sang "Sonny Boy." That was too much for me. I never want to hear that damn song again.

Easton Third U. S. City To Introduce Electric Cars To Replace Horse Cars

Part I

Easton is credited with being the third city in the United States to introduce electric street cars. Operation was begun Jan. 14, 1888, with a line running from the foot of College Hill to a point near Cattell and High Streets.

Horse cars continued operation elsewhere in the town until Dec. 9, 1892.

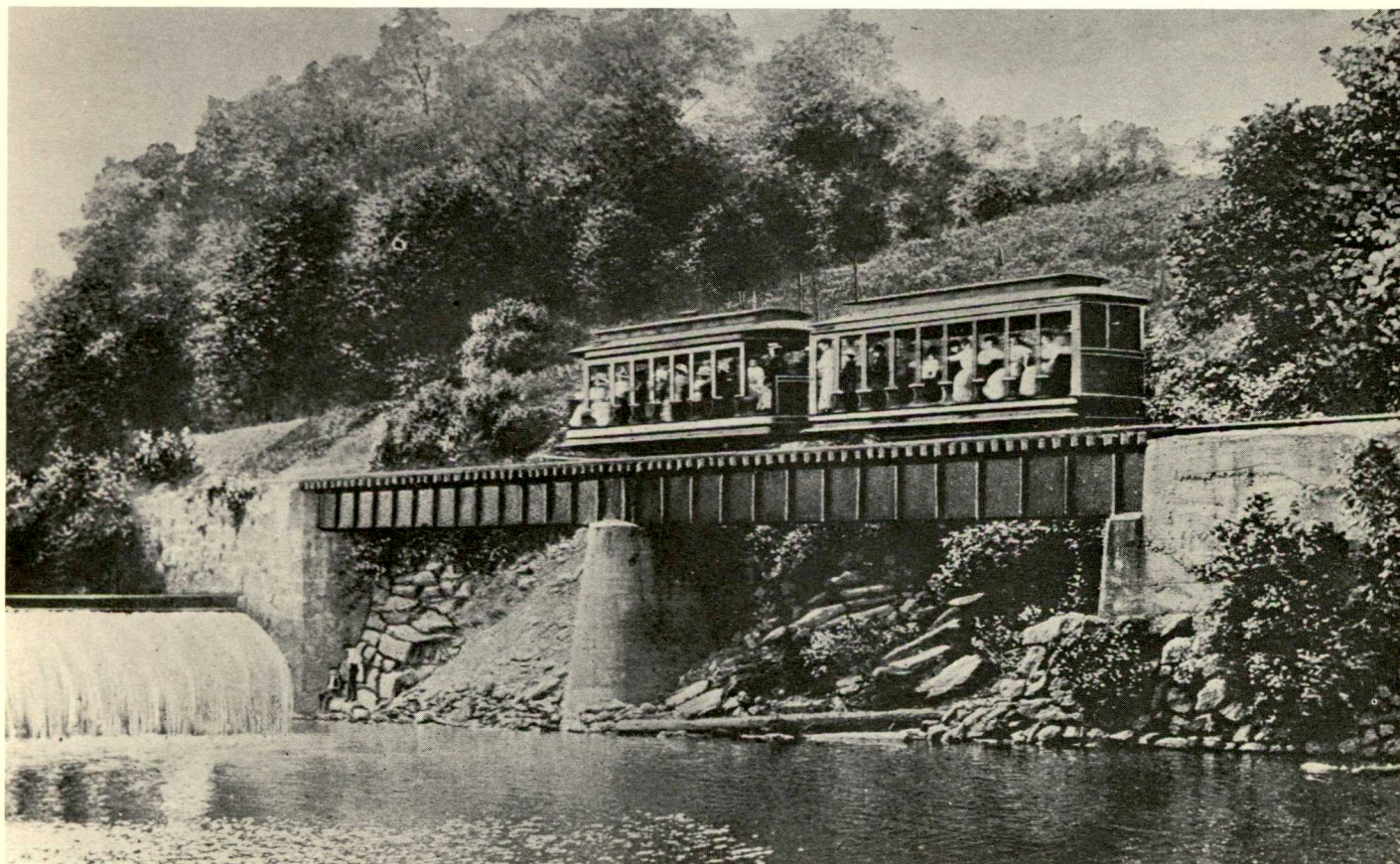
In Phillipsburg, horses were used until just after 1900.

The first and most serious accident on the College Hill line occurred Nov. 10, 1891, when the hand brake failed to hold the car on slippery rails, and, minus a cable retarder that became detached, it descended the hill at high speed, derailed on the curve at the bottom, and after crashing through the rail of the Bushkill bridge fell 25 feet into the Mann & Allshouse mill race. The motorman suffered a broken leg, the conductor jumped in time, and several passengers suffered cuts and bruises.

My earliest recollection of the trolleys is that they were the "Tonnerville" type, box-like, four wheels, hand brakes, with the motorman standing out on the open platform in all kinds of weather. By means of a rope from front to rear platforms the conductor could ring a little gong above the motorman's head, one to stop, two to go, three to back up.

The cars held maybe 20 persons. In due course they were equipped with electric heaters under a seat here and there. The passengers who sat above a heater were thoroughly warmed. Eventually tracks were extended to "Shawnee."

It seems that for some time there were competing lines that eventually merged, and tracks were laid on Third Street to the Square, out Northampton to 17th and return via Washington Street, also the South Easton loop. It was some time before double truck cars with air brakes came into use. In those days one could board a car at the Circle, ride the Northampton Street loop back to the Circle, then the South Side loop, all for a nickel-board and alight anywhere.



SCENIC RIDE—Two trolley cars running in tandem cross the trestle at Chain Dam on the way to Island Park. The picture was

taken in 1908 when the park was a mecca for excursionists.



BEGINNING OF AN ERA—Officials of the Lafayette Traction Co. prepare for the first run on Jan. 14, 1888. The car was small

in comparison with those which were to come later.

In summer they used open cars, with seats crosswise. Persons sitting at the ends of the seats usually got wet during heavy rains.

Frequently groups would "charter" one of these cars for an evening ride, and have strings of lights in Japanese lanterns along the sides, a band of sorts on the two rear rows. The starting point was usually Centre Square, then around the West Ward, South Side and College Hill loops, and back to the Square.

Then the proper thing for all to do was to adjourn to Abel's ice cream "parlor," just east of the Square. Abel's had the reputation of making the best ice cream in the area, but as I recall it they were tripped up a few times for adding too much lard to their mix.

The Easton, Palmer & Bethlehem Street Railway Co., later to become the Lehigh Valley Transit Co., was built around 1900. Track began at Sixth and Northampton Streets, to Ferry, out Ferry to the township and on to Bethlehem.

For some reason, the tracks were laid wide gauge, instead of the standard four feet, eight and one-half inches. Later, a third rail was laid along the tracks of the Easton Transit Co. so their cars could go to the Circle and back to Sixth Street. Still later, the gauge of the entire line was changed to standard.

At a point on the Bethlehem Road, now old Route 22, near the Northampton County Club, a branch line was laid

to Nazareth. I recall well the construction of all the local interurban lines.

A line was laid to South Bethlehem, with cars going out Northampton to 17th, on 17th to Butler, and out the Freemansburg Road. These tracks went through Freemansburg.

The Phillipsburg Horse Car Railroad Co. ran from Centre Square, across the old covered wooden bridge to Union Square, then down South Main Street. I must have ridden these cars because when I was little one Sunday afternoon my dad took me to the Andover Iron Co., about opposite Center Street, where I saw pig iron being poured.

It would have been too long a walk for a little kid, although in later years I thought nothing of walking from Ninth Street to my job at Ingersoll-Rand.

I do recall, however, walking across the bridge with him and his lifting me up so I could look out the windows.

Run To Paxinosa Ridge Was Popular; Hay Line Brought About Bushkill Park

Part II

From the end of the College Hill line, at a point called Shawnee, a line was laid, winding around Weygadt Mountain until it reached Paxinosa Ridge, where a large wooden

hotel stood patronized mostly by "city people" as a popular summer resort.

That was a thrilling ride and the scenery magnificent. The hotel was destroyed by fire in July 1905. I was camping with the YMCA at Saylor's Lake, and a group of us had walked into Saylorburg that morning. We could see the big column of smoke.

The hotel was later replaced with a brick structure along the same lines, but patronage gradually diminished. During Prohibition it became a part of the evils of those days. Finally, it somehow caught fire in the middle of the night, but was only partially destroyed. The job was completed a year or two later.

The Paxinosa Ridge on Weygadt Mountain was a favorite place for Sunday hikers. It was nearly a mile from the hotel to the "point," a promontory with extensive view up and down the Delaware River far below.

The ridge was also called, and still is called, Chestnut Hill, from the large number of chestnut trees. These nuts were much sought after the first frost. The trees are gone, victim of a blight that destroyed all chestnut trees in this area.

But in recent years nature seems to be making gradual recovery. Let us hope.

The nuts were tasty, boiled or roasted.

In 1906 a line was built from Sitgreaves and South Main Streets in Phillipsburg, east on Sitgreaves to Center, then up to and around the Ingersoll-Rand plant through Stewartsville, New Village, Broadway, Washington and to Port Colden.

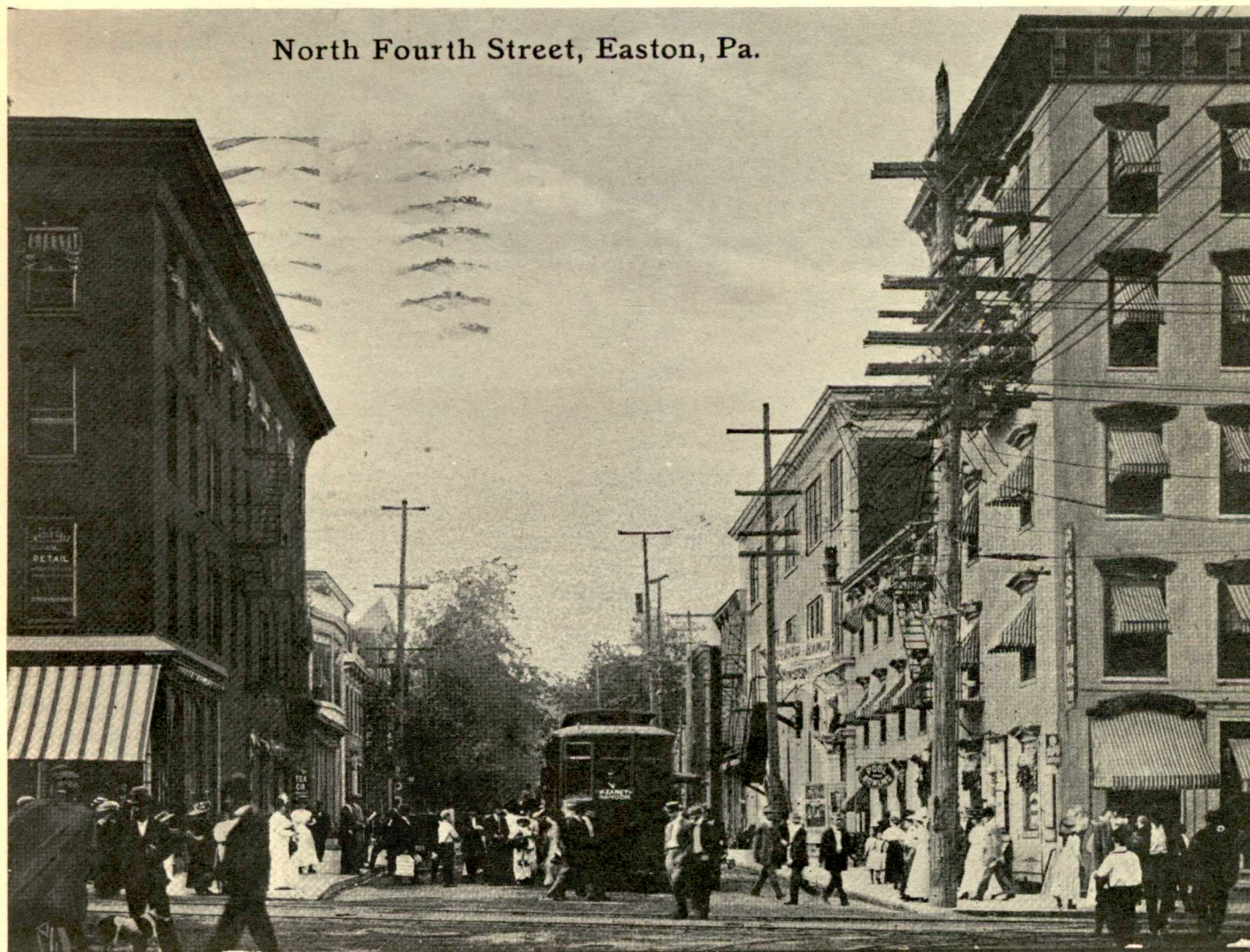
They operated heavy double-truck cars and for years did a good business, but eventually folded up. At first, they laid rail from the end of Sitgreaves Street to what is now the Cameron gate of Ingersoll, and used a small four-wheel car. The fare was two tickets for a nickel.

Another line, now long out of business, ran from Third Street and South Delaware Road to Doylestown, where connections could be made for Philadelphia. They carried a good deal of freight.

This was a nice way to travel to Willow Grove Park, and along with the park's many amusements, listen to the bands of John Philip Sousa and Arthur Pryor. This park was conducted along rigid lines and had a famous restaurant.

Also, although not in the Easton area, there was the Liberty Bell line from Allentown to the 69th Street terminal in Philadelphia. Their cars were massive, with standard railroad couplers when running double or in a train of three.

North Fourth Street, Easton, Pa.



LOADING UP—Passengers board a Nazareth-Bangor car at Northampton and North Fourth Streets in 1908. The Northampton

Traction Co. was known as the Hay Line.

They went over the Lehigh mountains, through Quakertown and Perkasié. The line was laid for high speed, and they didn't loaf.

A trolley line was projected to run from Easton to Delaware Water Gap along the Delaware River Road. Beginning at Front Street, a mile or two of track was laid, but for some reason that was all it amounted to.

Most of the interurban lines did a good business hauling freight.

Also, inter-city travelers used to get "car sickness." Not pleasant for others.

The tracks of the Northampton Traction Co., commonly called the Hay line, began at Fourth and Northampton, went around back of Mount Jefferson to Seventh, up Seventh to Bushkill, out Bushkill and by a circuitous route to a point just east of the present 25th St. Shopping Center, then over the hill to Tatamy, where one branch went to Nazareth and the other to Bangor. Built about 1902, this line had several serious accidents.

Construction of this line brought about establishment of Bushkill Park.

Reservoir Still In Front Of Station; Nightly Test For Fire Horses Recalled

Part I

The paid Fire Department of the City of Easton was established Nov. 1, 1879. Previously, as far back as the 1700's, there had been a succession of volunteer fire companies, which are listed in a blue hard-cover book, "History of the Easton Fire Department," printed in 1904, a copy of which I have.

Outstanding was the Humane Volunteer Fire Co., organized in 1797, which continued in service until 1885, six years after institution of the paid department. They continued as a social organization, to disband only at the death of their last member. They had a heavy hand-operated pump which is now on the second floor of Central Fire Station, and could readily be restored to operating condition.

A clipping from The Easton Express, issue of April 10, 1910, recites how the little town was terrorized by a series of fires, beginning during a severe snowstorm on Saturday morning, March 19, 1831, "between 2 and 3 o'clock," continuing for several months, with many homes and businesses destroyed, including damage to the First Reformed Church on Third Street. It was clearly the work of an arsonist, who was never apprehended.



READY FOR ACTION—Firemen show off a pumper and a hose wagon in front of Engine Co. No. 2 firehouse in Easton. The

firehouse was at 12th and Spruce Streets.



THE LATEST EQUIPMENT—When this picture was taken in about 1906, the horse-drawn fire apparatus was modern. Shown in

front of Central Fire Station, left to right, are a chemical engine, a hose wagon and the hook and ladder truck.

At that time, the limited water supply was piped from a spring on Chestnut Hill to a reservoir "on top of the hill," now Sixth Street. The reservoir is still there, in front of the Central Fire Station, filled in and covered over.

The Central Fire Station on North Sixth Street was built in 1882 and modernized in the 1930's. All apparatus was, of course, horse drawn. My father frequently took me to the station to see the 7:30 p.m. test.

Promptly on time, one of the firemen would pull a cord near the front doors. A large gong on the wall would strike once, and the big bell on the tower would also ring once. Simultaneously, the stall doors at the rear would fly open, the horses would trot to their exact place at each piece of apparatus, the driver would snap the collar, and they were all ready to go. After a few minutes standing at attention, the horses would be released, and without prompting each would return to his stall, the doors were manually closed, and the test was over.

There was a Hollway Chemical Engine, consisting of two 35-gallon soda acid tanks, and hose basket, mounted on a light chassis and pulled by two big bays. That was the flying squadron, always got there first. But not on one certain Saturday evening. I was on Northampton Street, just below Fifth, when this outfit came racing down hill answering an alarm. The rear axle broke, the two ends scraping the road and throwing showers of sparks, the wheels were skewed and

the brakes useless, but somehow the driver, Bob Conahay, was able to bring it to a stop.

Then there was the hose carriage, with the hose wound on big reels, and spring-mounted bells that would jangle at every bump in the road. There was an Amoskeag steamer and a hook and ladder truck.

The ponderous steamers were a beautiful shiny piece of machinery. The boiler was vertical at the rear and furnished steam to drive a reciprocating pump. As long as they were well lubricated and fed with water and coal they could continue to pump indefinitely.

When a steamer returned from a run, the fire box was cleaned out, then a layer of excelsior covered the grate, then some oil-soaked wood, and a layer of soft coal. When an alarm was sounded the fireman who worked as stoker and engineer went to a side wall, turned a valve to increase the gas flow to a pilot light always burning below the grates.

An air scoop augmented the draft when traveling. It was thrilling to see the horses dragging the steamer out Northampton Street at night, black smoke billowing from the stack and sparks dropping from the fire box and trailing behind. In no time at all they had pressure, ready to pump.

The first motorized fire truck was bought in 1912, a combination hose wagon and chemical engine.

The last horses were not dismissed from the service until 1919.

For many years the Easton Hospital ambulance was kept at the Central Station and fire horses used to pull it. If an alarm was sounded and the horse heard the big bell on top of the station, he was hard to control. The hospital was originally on Wolf Avenue east of Seventh and was instituted by the Lutheran Church and staffed by their Sisters.

Disgruntled Prof Set Lafayette Blaze; Company That Never Fought Fire Cited

Part II

To mention only a few, Easton has had some memorable fires, one being the destruction of Pardee Hall on Saturday night, Dec. 18, 1897. I did not see that one until one next day — only the rugged walls were standing.

It was started by an arsonist, a Prof. Stevens, disgruntled for some reason, and he served an extended jail term as a

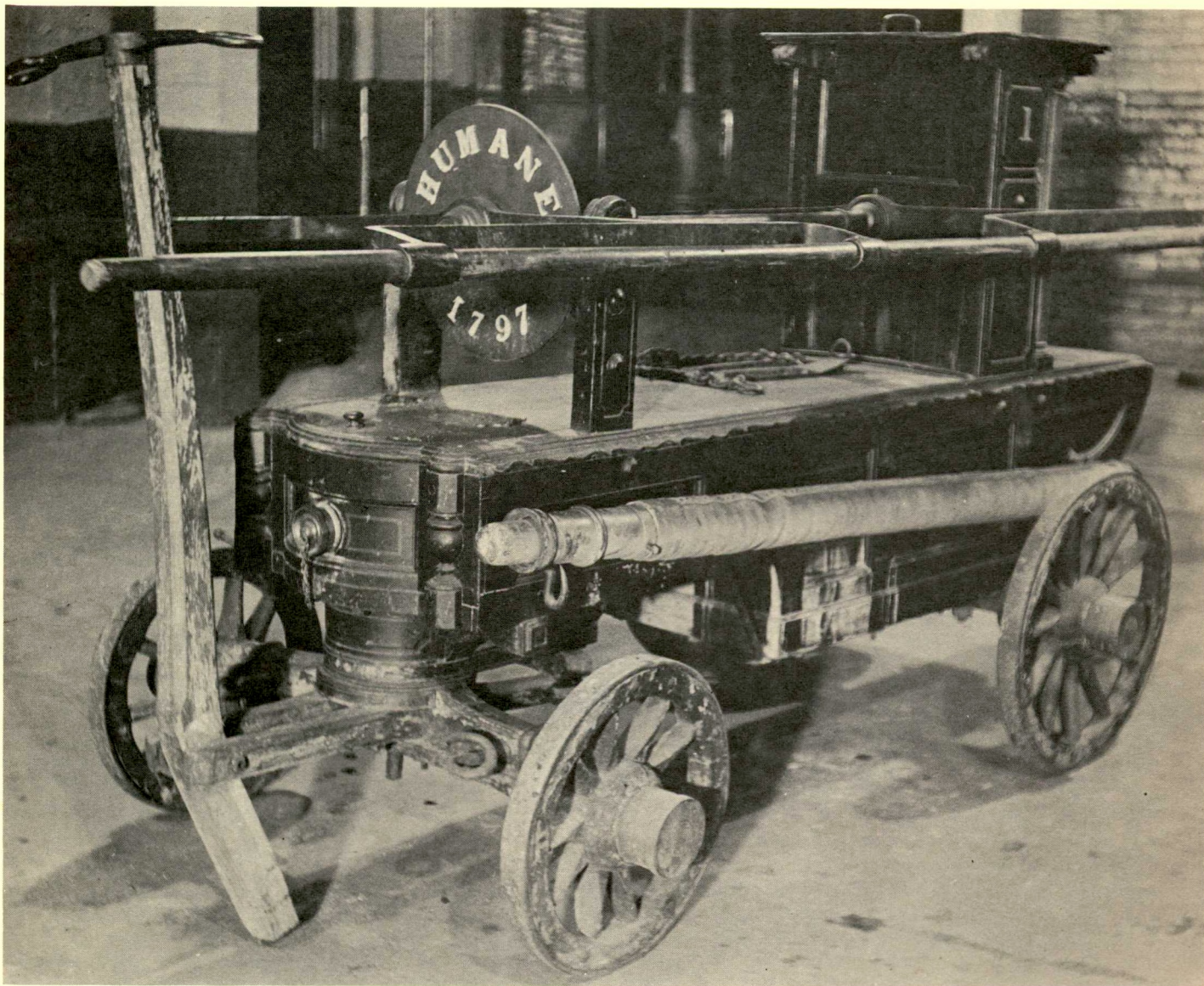
result. The Hall, built in 1872, had previously been gutted June 4, 1879.

Another was complete destruction of C. K. Williams Co. paint mill, along the Bushkill above 13th Street, on Sunday, May 11, 1902. The paint pigments carried high in the air by updraft of the flames decorated the entire western section of the town. I missed my Sunday dinner and barely got home in time for supper.

The plant was reconstructed, again mostly of wood, and again on the night of Sept. 25, 1906, the whole thing was spectacularly repeated.

On the extremely windy night of March 10, 1911, I was in our workshop in the rear yard on Ninth Street, working on one of the pieces of "Mission" furniture I was then making (I still have the furniture), I heard the alarm bell. There were no phones in the immediate neighborhood, so I went to Jimmy Huston's drug store at Ninth and Ferry where I learned St. Joseph's Catholic Church in South Easton was burning.

This was a massive stone building. I ran down Ferry to



EARLY PUMPER—This ancient apparatus, a hand-operated pump on wheels, was used by the Humane Fire Co., which was organized in 1797. The company did not disband when Easton's

paid fire department was created, but continued to the death of its last member.

Third, to the bridge, up the hill and to the fire. The entire structure was engulfed. Large burning embers were blown several blocks and it was a miracle there were not numerous other fires. The neighborhood was terrified. Fire is always bad, but destruction of a church especially distressing, and I have seen four burn.

I must insert a note here. It was not long after we moved to 53 Chambers St., Phillipsburg, when one evening we were all at the supper table, I heard the Easton trucks go down Third Street. It was dark. I went out into Bullman Street and saw a terrific blaze at the east end of South Easton, and so reported it inside. There was a unanimous howl from the kids to take them to the fire, so I loaded them in the car, and we traveled. But when we got there it was all over. It had been an outhouse — in plain words, a privy, and for years that was a standing joke in my tribe.

There were and since have been numerous other big fires, and bad ones, but recital herein might be boresome to the uninterested, no matter how vividly they could be described. I saw most of them.

An unusual event for the firemen was their exhibition day. All apparatus was taken to the northwest corner of Centre Square. The only real demonstration was when they raised the Hayes aerial ladder to full vertical height, I believe about 65 feet. A fireman would climb to the top, throw one leg over the top rung, wave his helmet to an applauding crowd, then back down. The ladder would be lowered, nested and cradled, and the exhibition was over.

This apparatus had a tiller wheel for steering the rear wheels, as most aerals do. For years Ed Arnold was the tillerman. One morning, rounding the corner of 10th and Northampton, he died instantly of a heart attack. I do not recall the death of any other fireman when answering an alarm or fighting a fire, but there have been many close squeaks.

It's a dangerous job, not sufficiently appreciated by the public, and they are sometimes subjected to unwarranted criticism. From my many years of close contact with the Easton firemen particularly, I find them seriously devoted to their job, and well trained.

For one thing, few realize the hazards of the explosives, corrosives, and toxicity of the materials hauled at high speeds on our highways in these days. These men are especially trained to combat these perils. And they are trained to put out fires with a minimum amount of water, going in after it, and using spray or fog. In the old days, a fire in the kitchen might result in the house being flooded from garret to cellar. Firefighting is a profession.

The Darktown Fire Co., in the early 1900's, was composed of a bunch of fellows who lived in Snufftown, on South Delaware Road in vicinity of the Front Street dam. They never fought a fire. Their specialty was blackening their faces, muscling in on parades now and then, if they could, and dragging a couple pieces of fire equipment, one with a little ladder and another with a piece of garden hose. And they had fun. Many years before my time Snufftown was called Williamsport, as a canal port.

Easton Considered Great Circus Town; Train Unloading At Daybreak Recalled

Part I

Easton was a great circus town, at least four every year, large and small.

The outstanding ones were Barnum & Bailey, later merged with Ringling Bros., Sells Brothers, later merged as Sells-Floto, Buffalo Bill's Wild West and Pawnee Bill's Wild West, Ranch 101 Wild West (for a few years) and on several occasions, Hagenbach & Wallace.

These larger ones performed on the 13th Street lot later occupied by Easton High School, and sometimes on the 11th Street lot, formerly a brickyard, now occupied by the high school stadium.

Smaller shows usually exhibited on the lot at Ninth and Lehigh. These smaller shows included such as Welsh Brothers, who when they first began coming to Easton was quite small, but had a remarkable growth and eventually had to use the 11th Street lot. Then there were the one-ring dog and pony shows, so popular with kids. Some of the smaller circuses would stage a "free exhibition" of hot air, or smoke balloons, with parachute drops. One parachutist landed in the Lehigh River, another on a roof top on Washington Street.

Col. Wm. F. Cody, Buffalo Bill, established a reputation by slaughtering buffalo on the Western plains to provide meat to the U. S. Army in the Indian wars. (There was still some Indian fighting in the early 90's.) He later organized his Wild West show and was successful. One of his features was Annie Oakley, an expert with a rifle. I several times watched them making the hollow tar balls in the morning for her to shoot at when thrown in the air. Cody carried a number of real Indians, quite spectacular on parade and when performing in full dress. Performances of course primarily related to the old West, cowboys, racing



SHOWMAN—This picture, taken from an original photograph, shows Pawnee Bill, who, like Buffalo Bill, operated a Wild West show. Otherwise known as Maj. Gordon W. Lillie, Pawnee Bill was an Indian agent, trapper and cowboy before he became a showman.



ON THE WAY—A heavy equipment wagon of the Hagenbach-Wallace Circus is shown rolling along Northampton Street east of 11th Street on its way to the showgrounds. The picture, from the

collection of Robert D. Good of Allentown, was taken around the turn of the century.

and a diversity of other Western features. At the time of the Boxer Rebellion in China he staged "The Siege of Peking," complete with Gatling guns, the allied armies scaling the Chinese wall, etc. Very thrilling.

Pawnee Bill was Col. Gordon W. Lillie. His show closely resembled Buffalo Bill's.

These Wild West shows did not have a big top, just very high canvas side walls.

I saw both Buffalo Bill and Pawnee numerous times when they were in Easton. With their long hair to their shoulders, and goatees, and Western fringed costume, they were impressive and dignified figures.

This new generation has no conception of what the circus, "The Great American Institution," was like in the days of canvas. The day before show day a crew would arrive on the lot to make the tent layout, setting location pins for the stakes and poles.

Large quantities of hay, straw and sawdust would be hauled in by local suppliers, and properly located. During the night trains of flat cars and a few passenger cars for executives, and performers would arrive and be spotted in the railroad yard for unloading.

The animal cage wagons, the menagerie, would ride on the flat cars. The laborers slept under the wagons. At day-break unloading would begin. First off the cars and to the circus lot were the commissary wagons, the kitchen, a wagon-load of cooking cauldrons, the eating tents and seats and the crockery. The laborers ate from metal plates and cups. The actors had their separate tent with table covers.

Soon the odor of frying bacon, eggs and potatoes would pervade the atmosphere. The food for all was uniform, and usually good. Many a time I hankered for a circus dinner.

Meantime at the railroad yard, witnessed by large crowds and by no means all of them kids, the wagons were dragged off the cars by horses, down a ramp to the street. Then teams of as many as eight horses would be hitched to the larger and heavier wagons, such as the pole wagons, for the long haul to the circus lot.

It was a seven-day wonder how the drivers, with their hands full of reins, could guide so many horses through the town, around corners, up hills and down.

There is no sound on earth to match the rumble of steel-tired circus wagon wheels on a not-too-smooth road. Having delivered the wagon, the driver returned with his team to the unloading point for another haul.

Of course, not all wagons required so many horses. Often two were enough, but usually four to six.

Meanwhile the performers were still asleep in their sleeping cars.

'Here Come The Elephants' Recalled Along With Dazzling Street Parades

Part II

About the middle of the morning the animals — elephants, zebras, camels, performing horses and llamas — were de-trained and in procession to the lot. The sidewalks were lined with kids and adults to "watch the wagons go out." Then the cry, "Here come the elephants," and everyone was agog with excitement.

The circus lot becomes the scene of organized pandemonium. About the earliest wagons to arrive were the stake

wagons. They drove around the circles of locating pins, throwing off stakes as required at their proper places. A crew of five roustabouts would circle the stake and after it

EASTON, Friday, June 3

RINGLING BROS.
WORLD'S GREATEST SHOWS

LOCAL AND LONG DISTANCE
THE TELEPHONE ELEPHANTS
HELLO CENTRAL

375 FAMOUS ARTISTS
85 R. R. CARS
650 HORSES
1280 PERSONS
\$3,500,000 CAPITAL INVESTED
108 CAGES OF WILD BEASTS
40 ELEPHANTS
12 ACRES OF TENTS
\$7,400 DAILY EXPENSES
300 FROM EUROPE

THE ARTHUR SAXON TRIO
STRONGEST OF ALL EARTH'S STRONG MEN
HOLDING 8000 LBS. ON THE FEET OF TWO MEN

BIG NEW PARADE 10 o'clock
60 ACROBATS AND THE GREAT LORCH TROUPE
60 AERIALISTS AND THE ALEXIS FAMILY
60 RIDERS—THE DUTTONS
ROBLEDILLO, WIZARD OF HIGH WIRE
DARWIN, MISSING LINK
FREE UPON THE PUBLIC STREETS EVERY MORNING AT 10 o'clock
IN ALL THE WORLD THE GREATEST

THE HORSE CIRCUS OF ALBERT SCHUMAN
DOORS OPEN AT 1 AND 7 P. M.
PERFORMANCES BEGIN AT 2 AND 8 P. M.
ONE 60c TICKET ADMITS TO ALL
CHILDREN UNDER 12 25c

GREATEST SHOW—This advertisement appeared in The Express on Thursday, June 2, 1910, to herald the Ringling Bros. show which appeared the following day. Noteworthy in the advertisement is the appearance of the telephone and the automobile, in those days attractions exceeded only by the elephants and wild animals.

was started, each with a heavy maul, and in perfect rhythm, would make his swing and in no time the stake was at its proper depth. Woe betide him who missed the stake. In later years, motor-powered stake drivers were used.

The main poles, usually five, would be set up and guyed. The extremely heavy canvasses would be placed, unrolled, and laced together, then the whole big top would be raised by ropes and pulleys with elephant power. The installation of seats, rings, stages, lights, acrobatic equipment, would follow, everything in its exact place. Many a kid earned a free pass by helping here and there, especially "carrying water for the elephants."

Then came the street parade into the downtown, a dazzling performance of brilliantly painted wagons, the enormous band wagon, gayly caparisoned horses ridden by girls in tights, the aforesaid animals at the rear for obvious reasons, and followed by the steam calliope, a cacophony or sound that defied imitation.

Then back to the lot. The sucker stands were already in operation, the blacksmith shop working, the sideshow with all its freaks ready for business and the spieler barking for customers. The sideshow was an important feature of all circuses, large or small, with the fat girl — more than 400 pounds, the thin man — barely 90 pounds — the sword swallower, the fire eater, the female snake charmer, the midgets — man and wife — and others in great variety. Most of them sold their pictures for the little extra revenue, which no doubt they needed.

The menagerie tent awaited return of the parade, when the opened cages of wild animals were lined up, and the elephants staked. In due course tickets were on sale and patrons were privileged to go through the menagerie and feed peanuts to the elephants, on sale in the tent, and of course, Cracker Jack.

At night, the morning procedure was reversed. The commissary department was first to be loaded on cars, then the auxiliary tents, then the sideshow. After close of the performance, many persons stayed around to watch them "drop the big top" which created quite a gust of wind when it fell, all in one piece.

There is no particular point in describing the main performance. Today's circuses in some of the big cities probably differ little, but they are in arenas, which certainly is not canvas.

The luster of these by-gone days is lost. The sights and sounds and smells are only a memory. There are still a few rather mediocre circuses on the roads but none to compare with the big fellows of old.

I don't remember the year, nor the circus, but for a week before circus time there had been a lot of rain. The lot was soggy. At night a big pole wagon was mired. All the king's horses and all the king's men couldn't budge it, so they brought in a bunch of elephants. That did it.

On the following day a crew would come around to clean up the lot, but usually a lot of kids were there before them, scavenging under where the ring of seats was. They often did quite well, not only with coins but also other valuable articles that the night's spectators were not in position to retrieve.

Again, I don't remember the year, but on one Memorial Day Barnum & Bailey showed on the 12th Street lot, and Ranch 101 on 11th Street. Both drew large crowds. I do

remember this much, it was a blistering hot day, a perfect circus day. Easton was circus crazy.

When Ingersoll-Sergeant Drill Co. came to West Easton in 1893 they were soon the victims of a strike. The company organized a band, and furnished instruments and also organized a ball team. Their playing field was the 12th Street lot, which they surrounded with a high board fence, and it was known as the "Ingersoll Field." But that didn't keep the circuses away.

Bushkill One Of Busiest U. S. Streams, Helped Produce 'Block, Fall' Whisky

Part I

The Bushkill (Kill means creek or river) originates in Bushkill Township and is fed by some small tributaries from Plainfield Township. The total length of the main stream is only about 14 miles, but its rapid flow was the source of almost unlimited power for the many mills along its banks. In its day it was considered the busiest stream of its size in the country.

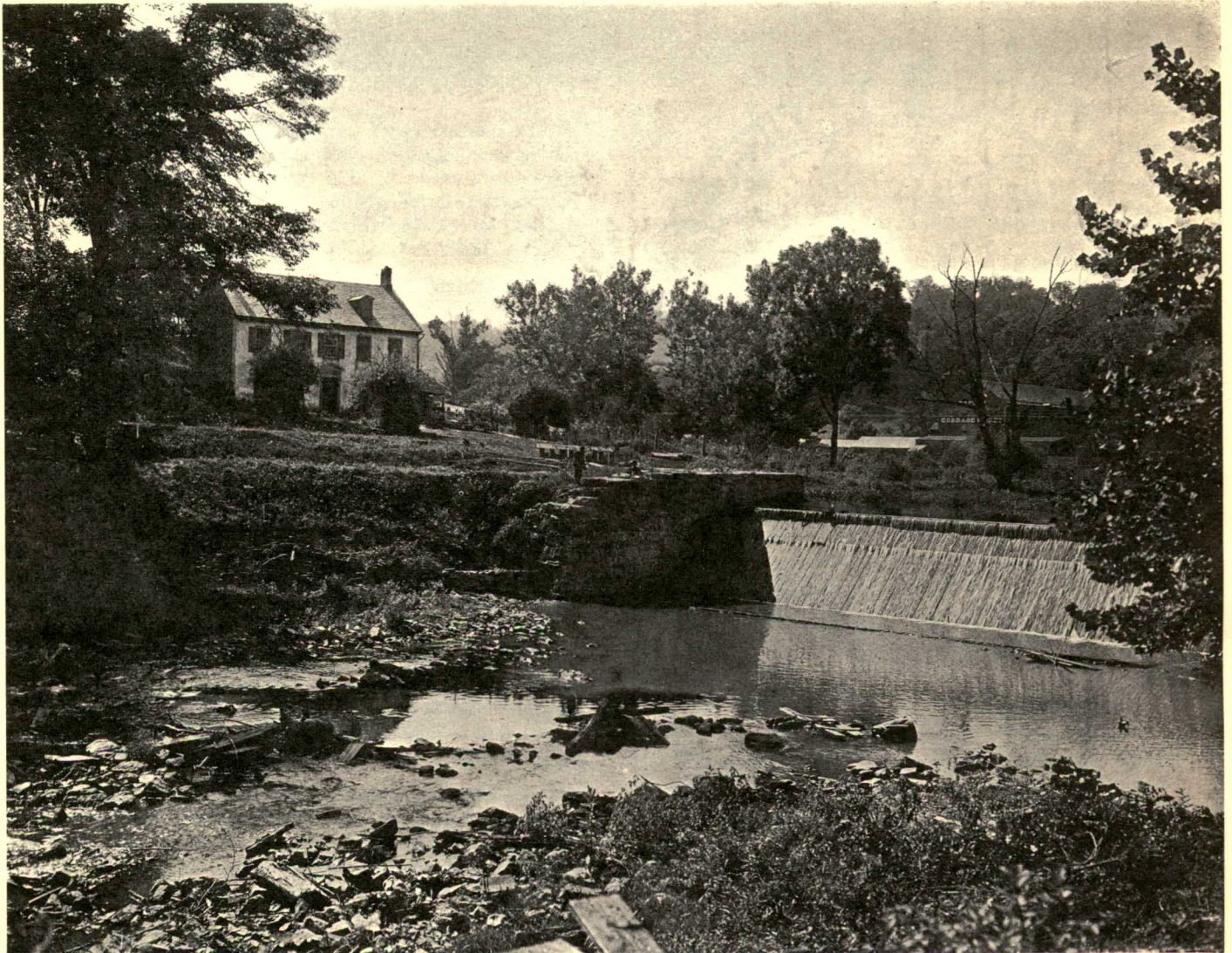
This stream, at various times, has been known as La-withanne, Tatamy's Creek (after the famed Christian Indian chief), Lehicton and Lefevers Creek.

From its mouth at the Delaware it was lined with flour mills, grist mills, soapstone mills, one gypsum mill, cooperages and the like.

The cooperages made barrels for shipping whisky via the Durham boats on the Delaware, as far down as Philadelphia, and overland elsewhere.

It is recorded that there were six distilleries with daily production for 4,000 gallons, and it sold for 22 cents to 40 cents a gallon. Hogs were fattened on the refuse grain.

Before the advent of kerosene lamps, whisky was mixed with turpentine for illumination. The stuff was plentiful and potent, always a jug in the store, and when you paid your bill you were entitled to a generous swig. In the late 90's and early 1900's I believe the only distillery operating was at Stockertown. The retail price then was 50 cents for a full quart. It often was called "block and fall" — take a big swig, walk-a block, and fall.



BUSHKILL SCENE—The house in the picture is the old Wagner Homestead, known to children at the turn of the century as a

haunted house. The dam provided water for a gypsum mill. House, dam and mill are gone.



ANCIENT MILL—Kepler's mill, above, was one of the many mills located on the banks of the Bushkill in bygone days. When

the mills were thriving, the Bushkill was known as the busiest stream of its size in the country.

However, it is not my purpose to write history as such. The full story of the Bushkill Valley is excellently presented by the Rev. Uzal W. Condit in his *History of Easton, 1739-1885*, a copy of which I have, it should be preserved although it is in poor condition.

In my early days the Bushkill Valley was beautiful, excepting one spot, Grube's dump just above the foot of Bushkill Street. We would scavenge the dump for empty whisky and medicine bottles, take them home and wash them, then take the medicine bottles to Jimmy Huston's drug store at Ninth and Ferry and the whisky bottles to the nearest saloon, and collect money for them, then have a "glotch," although we were all well fed at home.

A path along the bank of the creek, now inaccessible, took us to the rear of the Easton Cemetery, an area then incorrectly supposed to be an old Indian burial ground. At the foot of the road leading up hill to the rear or main upper part of the cemetery there is a one-story stone building, maybe 16 or 18 feet square, with a heavy padlocked iron door. We always called it the "dead house." Although not used as such for many years, it was the temporary repository for bodies of victims of highly communicable diseases, especially smallpox, also when deaths occurred faster than the cemetery crew could prepare graves.

A little beyond was the Wagner homestead, a vacant sizable two-story brick building, which to us was the "haunted house." A dam at that point furnished water power for a

mill where they ground gypsum — everything around was covered with white dust. The house, dam and mill are gone.

On the other side of the creek was the "Ropey," the Rinek Cordage Co., where in low, narrow shed a bit more than 1,200 feet long they would twist their rope.

Three long strands of loosely twisted hemp were fastened to the head frame at the far end, and to the driving frame, passing through three holes in a wooden block having a long handle. An engine would slowly rotate the head frame, and the rope maker would follow the twist to the end of the shed. It was an art.

The product was a 1,200-foot length of rope, which became the standard coil of commerce. New machinery eliminated that process, and the "rope walk" was demolished.

There was a small soapstone quarry in the hill back of the rope shed, even then unused, but it contained a spring of crystal clear water. We liked to go up there. One time Dick Garis and some of his buddies built a fire in there and threw on it a railroad torpedo. It was a balmy day and they went to sleep. The torpedo detonated and one of them lost an eye.

Just below 13th Street, where the E&N railroad bridge crosses the creek, there is a little stone house where Dad Lambert lived in his youth. It had what they called a cellar kitchen, close to creek level, and beside the door was a good clear spring.

Dad would tell how one night they saw what they thought was a man walking down through the cemetery carrying a lantern, but when he got to the creek edge he kept on going right over the water. Scared the daylights out of them.

It was Will 'o the Wisp, or ingus fatus.

Best Easton Ice Skating Place Ever Was Created In Meadow West Of 13th

Part II

There is a dam not far upstream from the 13th Street bridge and just below the Devil's Cave, which was unusual in that it furnished water power for two mills, one on each side of the creek.

The mill race on the left side, which for swimming purposes we called the "Little Deepie," now gone, supplied water to Frank Williams' flour mill, also no longer existing. The mill was located at about the rear of an office building recently constructed on 13th Street.

The "Big Deepie," on the right side, powered a soapstone mill within the C. K. Williams paint mill property. It was deeper, and swifter, used mostly by the older and stronger swimmers. We would walk across the crest of the dam unless the water was running too high. Above this place is a big rock, maybe 15 feet high, from which some of the braver kids would dive or jump. I never tried it.

The race to the flour mill was contained on one side by a long high bank. From there a considerable distance across to the creek was a low-lying meadow. The C. K. Williams Co. surrounded the meadow with levees, ran pipes equipped with valves into the mill race. In winter they opened the valves, flooded the meadow, maybe four acres or so, and created the best skating place Easton ever had, and, by the looks of things, today, ever will have.

When it snowed, teams would drag wide scoops and clear the area. When the ice became rough, it would be reflooded during the night. I have seen as many as 500 persons on the ice afternoons and evenings.

A large windbreak of railroad ties was built on the far side, and on Friday nights there would be a big bonfire and band concert. There were plank seats along the east side. A frame building, heated by a big pot-belly stove, furnished a good place to warm up, rest, buy big pretzels for one-cent each and maybe have your skates sharpened. Admission was 10 cents, but if your family was a regular coal customer of C. K. Williams they got a free pass.

A favorite game was "crack the whip." A line of skaters in tandem, would get up speed, arms around waists. The leader would make a quick turn and brace himself. The effect was just like cracking a whip and often those on the end, who couldn't hold on, would find themselves sprawling. Take a look at that once nice meadow now. It's disheartening.



THE SMILING VALLEY—The Bushkill Valley, green and lush, is seen in this early picture taken from a hill north of Snyder's

mill. Easton Heights is seen through the gap.



OLD MILL STREAM—The Bushkill and the old Groetzinger mill are shown in this old photograph. The picture was taken from

the foot of North Fourth Street looking west.

By far the largest industry in the Bushkill Valley, then and now, was the plant of C. K. Williams Co., on North 13th Street, now a division of Chas. Pfizer.

Its main business was grinding dry paint pigments. This created a dust, and sulphurous smoke conditions intolerable to residents of the western part of the town.

A corrective effort was construction of a brick stack 375 feet high, then the second highest in the world. The effect was that this obnoxious stuff was carried by the wind at the upper levels over the town, and the long trail of fumes, dust and smoke was visible even at night, going usually eastward over Phillipsburg.

The sulphur condition was so extreme that the upper 10 feet or so of the stack was lined with lead.

It was struck by lightning a number of times, gradually reducing the height. Then, with installation of modern controls, the stack was no longer needed and was demolished. Original construction took a toll of at least one life.

Of all the mills in the Bushkill Valley, probably the most outstanding was that of Mann & Allshouse, at the north end of Third Street at Bushkill Drive. That was the site of a flour mill since 1789. Water power was obtained from a

dam immediately upstream from the Third Street bridge. They later changed to electric drive.

In addition to animal feeds, their specialty was a popular "White Lilly" flour which I saw being made on several occasions. The buildings were torn down a few years ago.

On the right side of the creek at Bushkill Street, just below the bridge, was Groetzinger's mill, which I do not recall being in operation. It has been demolished.

Devil's Cave Role In Bushkill Mills, Dog Hair Used In Rough Coat Plaster

Part III

Butz's mill was on the left bank immediately west of the Bushkill Street bridge. It was powered by water from the dam at Locust Street. I do not recall its being in operation. Later it was occupied by the Paper Makers Chemical Co., and still later by a soap powder manufacturing concern whose product was "Target," filling the area with strong odors.

The Paper Makers Chemical Co. had another plant a short distance upstream, where the City of Easton service center is located. It was destroyed by fire years ago. Their process used quantities of lump rosin, there was always a lot lying loose around the place. We called it the rosin works.

I don't suppose I was 10 years old when I got the notion to bulid a Noah's ark. So I got hold of some thin wood and built it, maybe 18 inches long, flat bottom, straight sides but of course a pointed prow.

Then, to be Biblical, it had to be "besmeared within and without with pitch." So I got some rosin, put it in a tin can and melted it over a fire. While I held the boat Harold Schug grasped the can with tongs. The tongs slipped. Both hands were pretty well covered. We quickly pumped cold water on them and peeled the rosin off, maybe with some skin. That ended Noah's ark. I think I threw it into the fire.

The aforementioned Butz had a planning mill nearby. That is where I got the oak top for the Mission library table I made in 1911. Surfaced and sanded, it cost me all of \$2. I proudly toted it home.

Butz also built a fine large brick Colonial home in the same area, about 1810. This building has for a number of years been used as a warehouse and store by the Lehigh Valley Supply Co.

In the area at the foot of Sullivan's Lane, near the terminal freight and passenger station of the railroad, approximately where the Union Fuel Co. is now located, was the plant of the Vulcan Facing Co., which we called the graphite works. On an October night in 1904 or 1905 it was destroyed by a spectacular fire, along with an adjoining stable and I believe one house.

A few hundred yards below the 13th Street bridge was a two-story brick building where the father of C. K. Williams is said to have started the pigment business.

Above the 13th Street bridge, at a bend in the creek road, is the Devil's Cave, which was always a point of interest, although it doesn't amount to much as a cave.

Great quantities of lime were "burned" in masonry kilns, using local limestone. There was a continuous row of at least nine of them just above the Devil's Cave, and they were large producers. The stone was dumped over a hot fire of wood, and the result after many hours was lump lime, which had to be "slaked" with water to prepare it for use, mixed with sand for plaster and mortar. Across the road was a long pile of cordwood, cut from local areas, and the process required great quantities.

For rough coat plaster, dog hair was added to the mixture of water, lime and sand as a binder. The hair came in bundles, badly tangled, and had to be beaten out.



THE WAY IT WAS—A portion of the old Butz mill on the Bushkill is shown in this historic photograph. The spot is at the rear

of Mount Jefferson, looking east.



DEVILISH PLACE—Devil's Cave, known also as the Devil's Bake Oven, is shown in this early photograph. The spot is a short

distance west of 13th Street.

On more than one occasion I sat on my haunches with a four-foot plastering lath in each hand beating until it was uncoiled. The dust and dirt had to be ignored, and breathed, but it was considered a good job for kids although I never got any money for it. Ruins of old lime kilns dot this entire area.

There were also several tanneries in this area, with plenty of hides available from the slaughter houses. One, Nennig's, was at the rear of Mount Jefferson where the freight station of the Northampton Traction Co. was later located.

I was maybe six or eight years old when one summer morning I sat on our front steps on Ninth Street and saw the big column of smoke rise as it burned.

Nennig rebuilt in the area at the foot of Sullivan's Lane, and that also burned. Then he located in Odenweldertown, now part of West Easton.

There is a dam alongside the plant of Binney & Smith Co., but I do not know what its original purpose was. Maybe in their early days they used water power.

The dam at Bushkill Park furnished water power for Overholt's flour mill which was near the railroad bridge. They operated until recent years. The mill is gone, but water still flows through the race, and persons crossing the foot bridge to Bushkill Park still enjoy feeding the many white ducks.

And so on upstream. Walters Lower Mill, Walters Upper Mill, Newlin's Mill, Stocker's Mill, all gone, except just below Tatamy, Messinger's Mill, which originally was also water powered. It is now owned and operated by the Northampton County Farmers Association. It remains in operation.

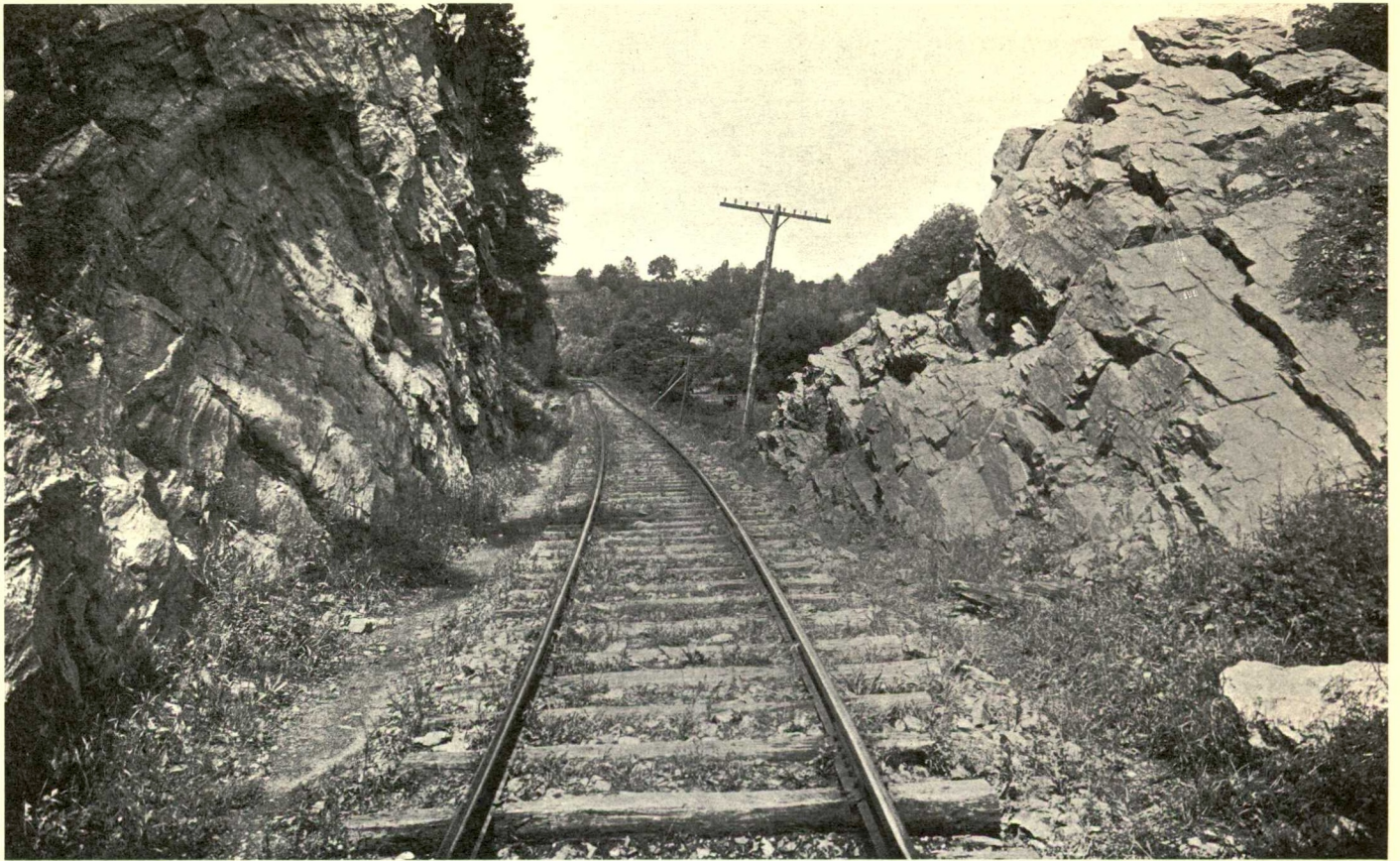
Easton, Bangor, Portland RR Played Big Role In Bushkill Valley Growth

An important development in the Bushkill Valley was construction of the Easton, Bangor & Portland Railroad in the late 1880's.

The Easton terminal, with passenger and freight station, was in the area opposite the bottom of Sullivan's Lane. The line followed the creek, with a station at 13th Street, and frequent stations en route.

They had good passenger and freight business. Except by horse and buggy, it was then the only way to get to Bangor and intermediate points. Eventually the Lehigh Valley Railroad took over this line. To make rail connection, there is a story that the Valley wanted to run track from South Easton, on Third Street to the creek and that this met with violent opposition.

Then, it is also said, the LVRR wanted to bridge the Lehigh at about Sixth Street, and tunnel to the rear of Mount



ROCK CUT—This rock cut was one of several built for the right of way of the Easton, Bangor & Portland Railroad. The cut is

along the Bushkill above 13th Street.



THE EB&P—Construction of the Easton, Bangor & Portland Railroad spurred development in the Easton area. The tracks parallel

the Bushkill in the picture, which was taken looking east from a spot near Kepler's Station.

Jefferson. Instead, the LVRR built the present long curved bridge over the river and Central Railroad tracks, with the big loop through West Easton and Palmer Township, meeting the EB & P at a junction west of 13th Street.

The entire line was renamed the Easton and Northern Division of the Lehigh Valley Railroad. Passenger service eventually tapered off and the Valley ran "mixed" trains — freight with one passenger car at the tail end and on one occasion I made the trip from the South Easton station to Belfast Junction, where the branch terminated and connected with the DL & W.

There was a turntable for the locomotives opposite the present Easton Iron & Metal Co. Sunday afternoons, kids would like to play merry-go-round with it. One kid fell off and his leg was severed. That put an end to that sport.

It turned out that the Valley was wise in building the E & N loop. The new plants of Treadwell Engineering Co., Taylor-Wharton Co. and others generated much traffic, and there is much traffic from their main line to the D L & W connection at Belfast. Occasionally cars are delivered as far down as the Easton terminus.

When the railroad was built, there was a large eddy in the Bushkill opposite the foot of Dietrich Road. Large stones were sunk to bridge this eddy for laying track. This created what we called Hawk's pond, maybe an acre in extent.

Some fingerling carp must have gotten through open spaces and thrived. I saw landlocked carp up to three feet long and as broad as a bulldog.

The area was later filled in and is now occupied by a service station.

2000 Shad Caught In Day In Lehigh Before 47-Mile Canal Was Constructed

Part I

The source of the Lehigh River is in the vicinity of Gouldsboro, in the Poconos, at an altitude of approximately 2,000 feet.

It winds its way through the valley a distance of approximately 100 miles to the Delaware River, and its flow is generally rapid. Before it became polluted by wastes from the coal mines and other industries, it was a pure stream with excellent fishing.

History records that the run of shad in spring was so heavy that the Moravians at Bethlehem in the late 1700's and early 1800's, would take as many as 2,000 in one day.

Years later, construction of the dam at Front Street in Easton closed off the shad run.

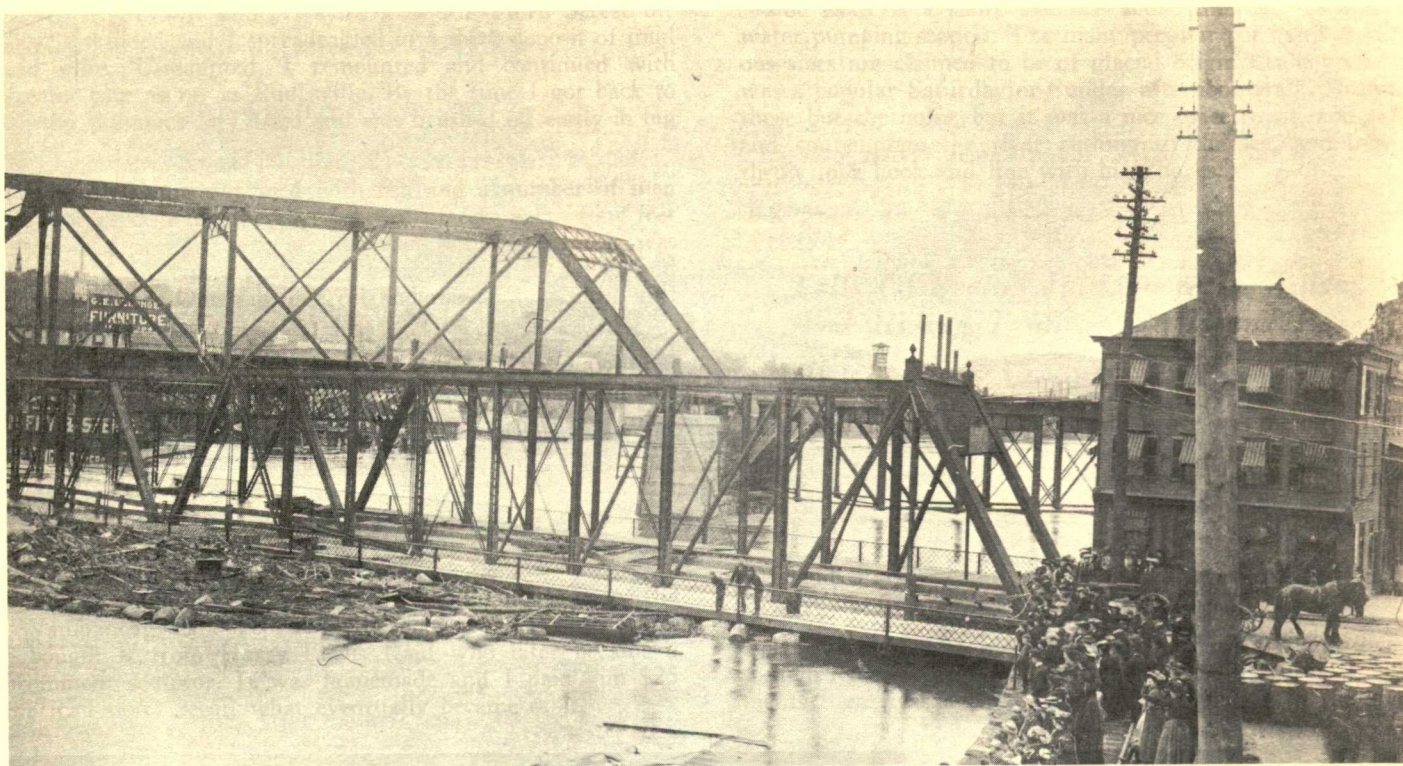
Within my early memory fishing was fair and swimming safe. Until as late as maybe 1910 the South Easton Water Co. drew its supply from the river, pumping to reservoirs at the base of Morgan's Hill.

Eventually the water was so sulphurous that ice was soft and spongy and not safe for skating, except in the "gut" at Island Park which remained fairly clean for some reason. This condition has been greatly improved in recent years through the anti-pollution program of the State of Pennsylvania and within the last few years fish have been stocked by the state.



TRANSPORTATION—The Lehigh River, Lehigh Canal, Lehigh Valley Railroad yards and a horse-drawn carriage on this old Third Street bridge make this picture a reflection of the means of

transportation. On the back of the postcard from which this picture was taken, the sender wrote, "I am under this bridge fishing. The evenings are cool and it is nice to sit along the river."



FLOOD SCENE—Debris piles up against the Third Street bridge over the Lehigh River in this picture taken during the 1903

The Lehigh has been known by several Indian names — Lechau-wiki and Lechau-witank, which early German settlers abbreviated to Lechau, hence Lehigh.

The discovery of anthracite in the Mauch Chunk area, and that it could be burned, created a search for markets that soon materialized and there was demand as far away as Philadelphia. Transportation was a problem. Shallows and rocks in many places deterred navigation. This was overcome partly by building large flat-bottomed scows, then constructing temporary dams to create pools. When the boats were loaded and the pools full, the dams were broken open and the boats flew through on the rush of water.

It was not long before the canal was built from Mauch Chunk to Easton, a distance of 47 miles. It went through and beyond Freemansburg to Hope's Lock on the north bank, where the boats were admitted to the large pool created by "Chain Dam" below Island Park.

The boats, usually pulled by two mules, followed the north bank to the "cribbing" at the upper end of Smith's Island, where they crossed to the island, then down its south side to the "Donkey Bridge" at Lucy Furnace, and on to Steckel's Lock on the south side and into the canal again until they reached the Easton pool created by the dam at Front Street, and again in the river until they reached "Williamsport," later called Snufftown.

There they again entered a basin, about which more later.

It was fun to walk the tow paths. The canals were not wide. If a southbound boat reached one coming upstream, or vice versa, the boatmen, using a long tin horn, signaled each other to arrange for passing.

There was a large basin at Abbott Street, at river level, where the boats would tie up for weekends. Then the boatmen would converge at Mike Malarkey's hotel (now gone)

flood. Malarkey's Hotel, a favorite for Lehigh Canal boatmen, is at the right.

at the south end of the Third Street bridge. There were many fracasces, but the police were usually smart enough to stay away. They were a hard lot, but also many good men.

The canal carried a vast volume of traffic, mostly coal but also some other products. The boats were heavily built, flat bottoms, in fore and aft sections, the sections connected by big cast iron hinges to allow vertical flexibility.

There were three coal yards on the river in my time, Heck's and Hilliard & Dinkey immediately above and below the Third Street bridge, and C. K. Williams at Snufftown on the south bank. The great flood of October 1903 wiped out their stocks of coal. The bed of the river back of the dam must be well covered with coal. This had happened before, but I believe the yards were then abandoned.

I can still picture the mules plodding along the towpath, dragging the tow rope, and the boatman standing at the rear controlling the rudder.

All boats had a fair-sized cabin below deck, containing bunks, stove for heating and cooking, a table and a couple of chairs and shelves for food and dishes, all somewhat crude, but reasonably comfortable. I have been in them.

Not too often wives would accompany their husbands for a trip to the city.

General operation of the Lehigh Canal was discontinued about 1933, but several portions were in use until 1942, when the canal was ruined by a flood.

The Delaware Canal originated at the basin at Snufftown, then Williamsport, and ran to Bristol. I know little about it below Raubsville where there was a paper mill making tissue for Butterick patterns.

I was inside and saw the whole process. Standing alongside the paper-making machine with all its big rolls and



PORT DELAWARE—Boatmen relax on their boats at the Morris Canal's Port Delaware in Phillipsburg. This picture was taken in

1895.

the paper traveling at high speed, I stuck out my finger and a big spark of static electricity jumped at me. I jumped, but it was fun, and I did it again.

One afternoon, I believe it was in the fall of 1903, I rode my bicycle to Raubsville. A canal boat was passing through the lock at the paper mill, northbound, I struck up conversation with the boatman.

They were usually glad to have someone to talk to on their lonely trips. The net result was that I and my bike got a ride to Easton. It was leisurely, peaceful and thoroughly enjoyable. There again, I got down into his cabin but I didn't get anything to eat.

At the same basin in Snufftown boats were locked down to Delaware River level and pulled across to the entrance to the Morris Canal, through the big masonry archway that can still be seen from Scott Park at Front and Ferry Steets. From there the boats traveled to Hoboken, through the city of Newark. Boats were still in operation when we lived at Stewartsville in 1915-16-17, but this ended in the late 20's or early 30's.

An interesting thing about this canal was that it got its water for both east and west sections from Lake Hopatcong. It was so engineered and at such elevation that water could be made to flow west to the Delaware River and east to Newark Bay. Lake Hopatcong is the source of the Musconetcong River.

The Morris Canal made use of a number of inclined planes as well as locks. From under water at the lower level a wide track ran up grade, over the crest, and under water at the upper level. Boats were loaded, or floated onto, a heavy

timber cradle with wheels riding the rails, the whole thing pulled by a cable up and over the crest. That crest is where the hinged sections functioned.

Lehigh Notorious For Violent Floods, One Resulted In Current 3rd St. Span

The Lehigh Valley

Part II

For some years, while the Lehigh was fairly clean, canoeing was popular. A canoe club sprang into existence.

Several times each summer they would hold a regatta. The canoes were decorated with Japanese lanterns and had one couple to a canoe. The young fellows were all spruced up and the girls were in their starchiest, just paddling around for a couple of hours some little distance above the Third Street bridge, singing the sweet songs of those days and strumming mandolins which were then popular. The club later moved to Eddyside on the Delaware and renamed itself the Weygadt Canoe Club.

At one time, just prior to my advent there was a flatbottom steamboat, the "Fannie" that operated on the Lehigh from the foot of Second Street to Glendon. It hauled passengers and freight and was said to do a thriving business. In the early 20's and elderly retired school teacher, resident of Glendon, a lovely lady, described the boat and said they always used it to come to town for mass on Sundays.

At one time Glendon was an important iron producing center and Morgan's Hill was a source of ore by deep pit

mining. Roaming over the area one day I picked up several samples of ore adjacent to one of the mine shafts, long abandoned. I think Charles has them, as well as my small collection of fossils from the Saylor's Lake area.

There was a story that one Sunday evening a man and wife were driving home from church, the horse wandered off the road and the whole outfit went down one of those mine holes. Possibly just legend.

The Glendon Iron Works was inoperative in my time, but some of the buildings and the stack remained. It was located on what is now called Hugh Moore Parkway. They got their limestone from the Firmstone quarry across the river beyond 25th Street and evidently in huge quantities. It was hauled in small cars pulled by mules across the old covered wooden bridge. Years ago the route of this narrow gauge railroad was much in evidence.

The Firmstone quarry with its smooth level bottom was for many years a favorite place for trap and rifle shooting and was used by the National Guard as a rifle range. Now it is an abominable automobile junkyard.

The Lucy Furnace was located opposite Island Park, on land now occupied by the Lehigh Valley Chemical Co. It was in operation in my early years, then shut down for quite a while, but was reactivated for a few years during World War I.

Its slag created mountainous piles between the furnace and Hellertown Road. We called them the "cinder tips."

Unspoiled areas between the piles made good places for "outings." The piles have just about disappeared. In recent

years and for some time much of it was used to make fibre insulating material, and then, crushed, it made a good road base. It also was used to make light-weight concrete blocks.

Diminishing supplies of local ore and cost of extraction seems to have been the prime reason for closing the furnaces.

For some years, C. K. Williams Co. dug ochre in or near the mines, and used it to make paint pigment.

There were two pedestrian bridges across the Lehigh. One, built in 1886 by a group headed by David W. Nevin, who later became mayor of Easton, extended from the hillside a bit west of 10th Street, with terminus in the second floor of the tower of the South Easton station of the Lehigh Valley Railroad, which was a regular stop and ticket office for local trains.

The bridge ticket office was on the Easton end. Passage each way was two cents, hence it was called the two-cent bridge. Legend has it that during a summer storm high winds upended the main span while a man was crossing, but his big umbrella served as a parachute and he landed safely. Fact: a young girl jumped off and it took some time to recover her body from the river.

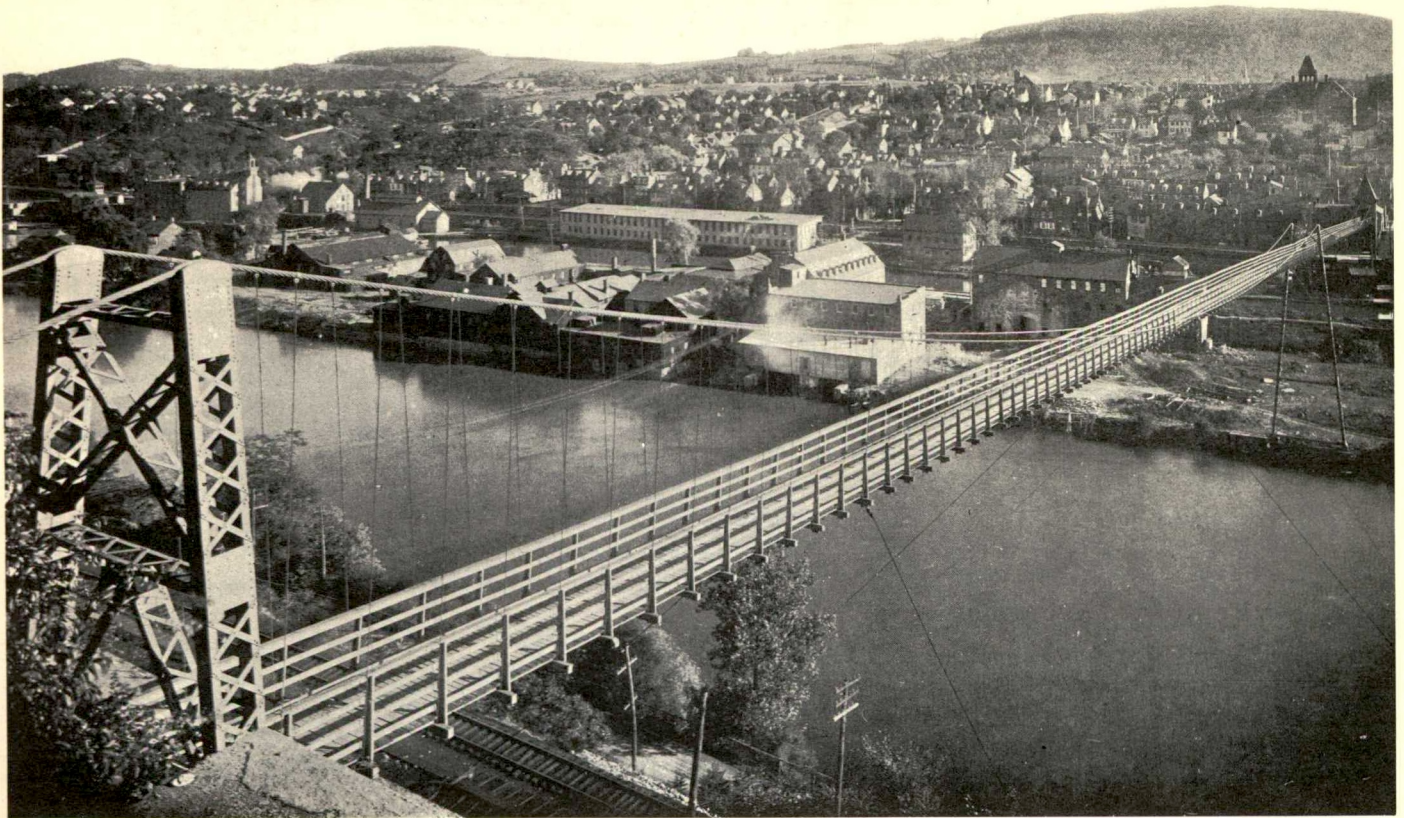
On Aug. 13, 1939, the bridge suffered severe wind damage, and in the same manner Nov. 25, 1950, extreme damage, with most of the flooring torn from the cables. Finally, the cables were cut and dropped Jan. 14, 1951. The bridge was 128 feet high above the river and 1,020 feet long.

It was maybe about 1915 when another suspension bridge was built, from the foot of Main Street in West Easton to



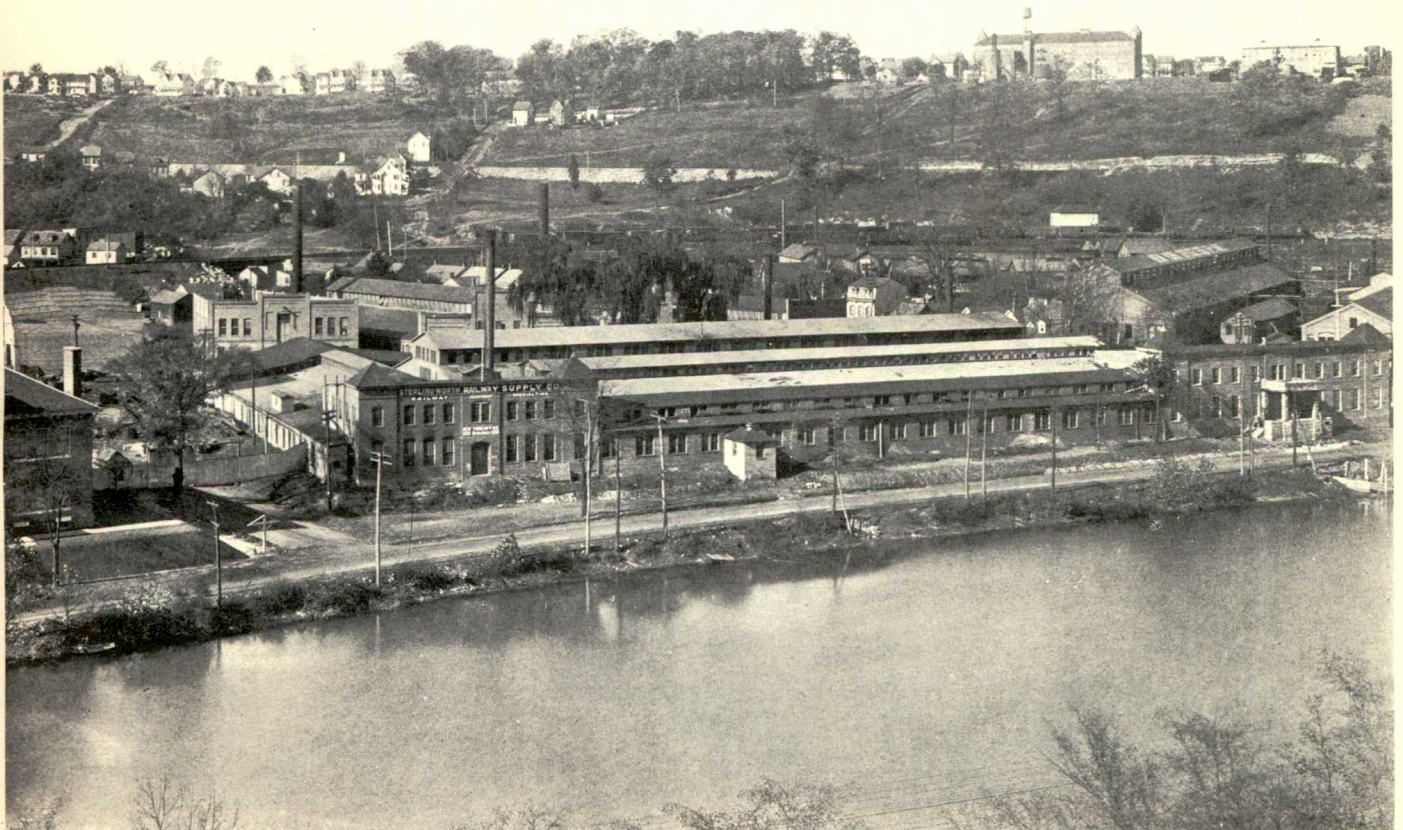
VIEW FROM THE HEIGHTS—This picture was taken in 1902 from Lachenour Heights. Shown are the Lehigh River, the Le-

high Canal and a railroad bridge built in 1896.



SUSPENSION BRIDGE—This suspension bridge over the Lehigh River between 10th and 11th Streets on the south side was for

pedestrians only. The view is toward South Side.



RAILROAD SUPPLIER—Shown here is the plant of the Sterlingston Railway Supply Co. on the Lehigh River. The plants of the

Easton Shoe Co. and the Lawrence Bros. piano company are in the far background.

a point near Berwick Street in South Easton. The walkway was reached by a long flight of steps on the West Easton end. This bridge also was demolished a number of years ago. Like the other, it was a toll bridge.

There were two artificial ice plants along the Lehigh, one at the foot of South Fourth Street and the other about a quarter mile upstream. They produced cakes weighing 300 pounds. Both fell victim to electric home refrigeration.

It was considered by some to be good medicine for a cold to visit these plants and inhale the fumes of escaping ammonia. I did it many times.

Several industries existing along the river in the 90's no longer exist. The Sterlingworth Railway Supply Co., a large plant, was located on land later occupied by Keubler Industries in West Easton (now occupied by Lehigh, Inc.). They made railroad frogs, switches, crossings and numerous other railroad items but when the hey-day of railroad expansion ended, the Sterlingworth business was discontinued.

The Union Switch & Signal Co., on the West Easton "flats," eventually passed out of the picture. They were replaced by the Easton Foundry & Machine Co., which was destroyed by fire in the early morning of March 18, 1909, and not rebuilt. However, several other industries later occupied that area.

A portion of the land now occupied by the West Easton plant of Ingersoll-Rand Co., then Ingersoll Sergeant Drill Co., was owned and sold to them by my uncle, F. Louis Morgenstern.

Although I do not recall them being in operation there were two large multi-story frame buildings on the south side of the river near Abbott Street. One was a cotton mill and the other a wire mill. Both are long gone.

The Lehigh River has been notorious for its violent floods. Until the catastrophic flood of August 1955, the highest on record was that of October 1903 when the crest of the Delaware reached 38.7 feet. This, plus the violence of the Lehigh, caused much local damage. The Third Street bridge over the Lehigh was of overhead steel truss construction. Above and crossing this diagonally, was and is the bridge of the Central Railroad of New Jersey.

The railroad bridge pier alongside the Third Street bridge was undermined and collapsed, allowing the span of the railroad bridge to fall and crush the Third Street bridge. Dad Lambert was standing on the railroad bridge, late at night, less than half an hour before it collapsed.

For many days we watched divers working to clear the debris from the river. That is the reason we now have the concrete bridge at Third Street which, with its relatively low arches, is an obstruction in the river in times of high water.

Logs Assembled Into Rafts 200 Ft. Long On Delaware Were Dropped At Mills

Part I

The "broad and mighty Delaware," named after the British Baron De La Warr, has two origins in New York State and flows 296 miles to Delaware Bay.

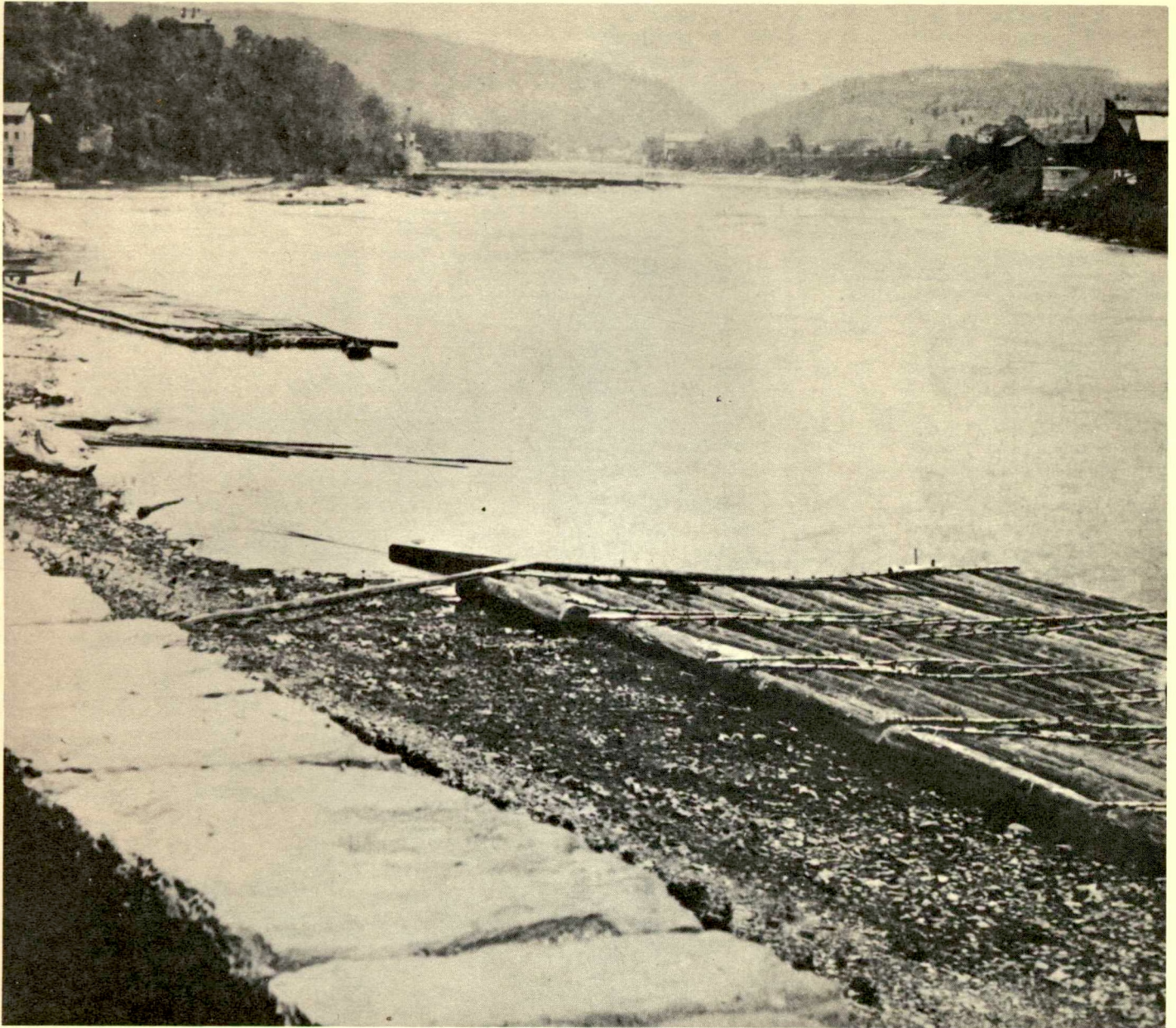
Its course is through mountainous and at one time heavily timbered country.

For many years the Delaware Valley furnished logs for the many sawmills that lined its course as far south as Bristol. These operations were discontinued in the early 1900's. The



RELIC OF AN ERA—The remains of Wilson's dam are shown in this modern-day picture. The dam, extending from the shore near the mouth of the Bushkill to the west side of Getter's Island,

formed a pool in which the Zearfoss-Hilliard Lumber Co. kept logs which had been rafted down the Delaware.



WHEN RAFTING FLOURISHED—Sections of log rafts lie along the Eatson bank of the Delaware River in this rare photograph.

hills were denuded and there wasn't, nor has been since, any organized effort toward conservation and reforestation. Although the area looks green, it is mostly scrub growth.

The logs were assembled into rafts, at least 30 feet wide and as much as 200 feet long. Saplings were placed crosswise and stapled to the logs with discarded horse shoes, forged to sharp points. At the rear of the raft a post was set up to support a long sweep or rudder. The rafts were released on spring freshets to ride over the many rocks otherwise exposed.

The crew was usually one man only, but on rare occasions a crude shelter was built at the rear to accommodate a wife who wanted to make the trip to some city.

En route, the rafts were dropped off at the saw mill to which they were consigned.

In season, as many as 12 or 15 rafts might float past Easton in one day. The raftsmen would have to be on the alert to avoid obstructions. We would stand at what is now called

graph. Lumber mills received their supplies of wood when the rafts came down the river each spring.

Riverside Park and speculate on whether a raft might hit one of the railroad bridge piers, but we never saw that happen.

There was a dam, called Wilson's dam, still existing but in poor condition, extending from the lower part of Getter's Island to the west bank, creating a fairly wide and long pool that furnished water power at one time for some mill or factory on North Delaware River Road.

Getter's Island was so named because many years ago Charles Getter was hanged there for the murder of his wife. (The Northampton County gallows is in the Mercer Museum at Doylestown.)

The only sawmill at Easton was that of Zearfoss-Hilliard Lumber Co. on the south bank of the Bushkill alongside the river at the extreme end of North Front Street.

They were big operators and in addition to sawing boards, often made all kinds of dimension lumber, and operated a planing mill where doors, sash, windows and trim were made.

Most of the lumber was pine, hemlock, spruce and some oak. All these local planing mills down along the river are long out of business.

Logs for the sawmill were stored in the pool between the island and the tail race. The mill was on high ground. When a log was needed, many times a day, a man would descend the bank, wade across the creek, climb up the dam, pry the log loose from the raft, and steer it across the spillway of the dam and across the creek with a long pike pole. Then he would fasten the log to a cable, and it would be hauled up a long ramp to the saw room, where it was placed on a long traveling table. Running back and forth, a saw would reduce the log to boards or other desired sizes.

I can still hear the whine of that huge circular saw.

These days, in the big mills in the Northwest, they use band saws.

The location of the pool, plus the rafts, made it a popular swimming hole mostly for boys, who often were in the "altogether." I went there many times.

In winter, great quantities of ice were cut there (also at Eddyside) and stored in sawdust in a large frame ice house, which, like many others after abandonment, burned.

Operation of this mill was later discontinued and business transferred to new quarters at Eddyside, which, with the

rafts tied in the river, also became a popular swimming hole. After some years the business was discontinued and one of the buildings was converted into swimming lockers on a club basis.

Then, on the hot evening of July 13, 1922, this place caught fire and was destroyed.

En route to the fire I picked up George Lambert. Before we got to Eddyside, at his request, I stopped. He was standing by the front of my Chevrolet touring car which somehow moved forward a bit and a wheel went over his foot. Although he yowled to high heaven, he really was not injured and was quite able to continue to the fire, walking around the place until a late hour.

Scow Dumped Garbage Into Delaware Until City Fathers Started 'Pig Farm'

Part II

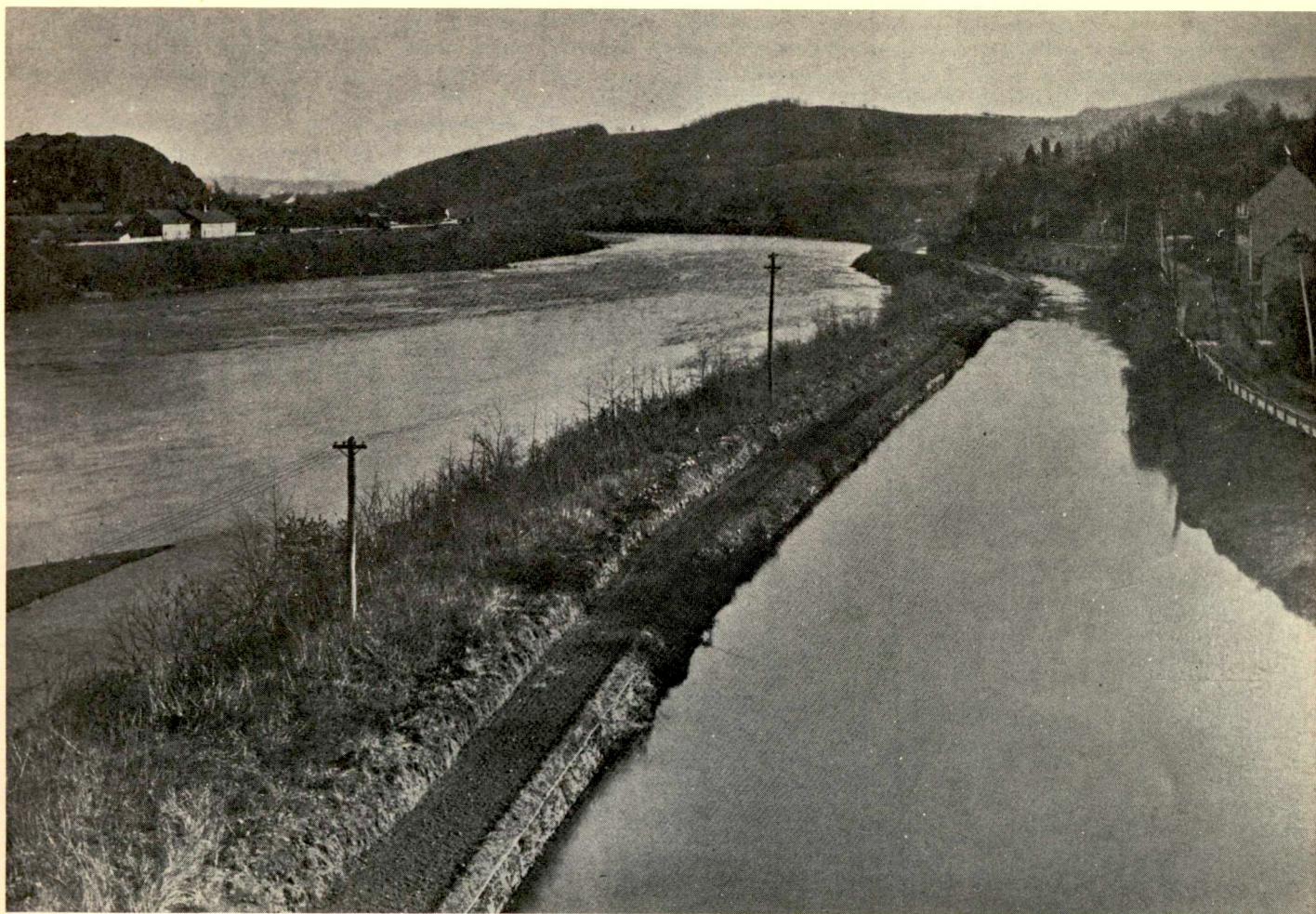
Eddyside was another good source of river ice, which frequently got to be thick. In earlier years, the slabs were sawed by hand. Later, machines drawn by horses did the job in much less time.

There was also a big ice house there, which after a number of years of disuse met the same fate as the one at Wilson's



A NICE PLACE TO SIT—Pot Rock on the Delaware River was a popular spot for leisurely walks. The pot holes, which are of

various sizes, apparently were created by glacial action.



DELAWARE SCENE—The Delaware River and the Delaware Canal are shown in this picture taken in 1900. Mount Paranassus,

a Phillipsburg landmark, is at the far left.

dam and a third one at Snufftown. It may have been a good way to get rid of useless ice houses, but spontaneous combustion in the old sawdust may have been the cause.

Even if it were not for the competition of manufactured ice, and pollution in our streams, where would we get the sawdust to store the natural ice?

The Wilson Stove Manufacturing Co. was reputed to build the best cast iron kitchen ranges anywhere around. Its foundry was on North Delaware River Road a bit above Front Street.

Many a time we stood on the sidewalk and watched the men make the moulds and pour the iron for the various parts. Did you ever smell molten iron being poured into a green sand mould? Its distinctive.

The Wilson family owned the first and I believe only electric automobile in this area. It was battery operated but it had a short range of operation. It had high wheels, like a carriage, box-like body, two seats and no top. It and the women of the family driving around town attracted a lot of attention. It made no noise, therefore didn't scare the horses.

Easton had a highly efficient garbage disposal system until it was compelled to discontinue it. A large flat-bottom scow, with walk boards on both sides, was moored at what is now Riverside Park. Horse-drawn wagons hauled garbage to it.

When the scow was fully loaded and its contents suitably odoriferous, it was loosed and poled downstream to below

the railroad bridges, and the contents shoveled overboard. The fish grew big.

Then by means of the poles the scow was propelled upstream to its home port for another load.

At one time the city fathers thought profit might be made by feeding the garbage to pigs. Accordingly, a lot of shoats were bought and installed on the "pig farm" down river, near the location of the present sewage disposal plant. The pork was not the best. There were no profits. That ended the pig farm.

I well remember walking across the old covered wooden bridge, built in 1803, with my father, and being lifted so I could look out the side windows. The present cantilever suspension bridge was built in 1896. It was designed by J. Madison Porter, an Easton engineer. It was the second of its type.

The flood of October 1903 was until then the highest on record. The water reached a crest of 38.7 feet.

This was exceeded by the great flood of August 1955 when the water reached a bit more than 45 feet.

Everyone expected the bridge to go in 1903 but it was only damaged slightly when a whole barn hit it at the Easton end. It did not fare so well in the 1955 flood when the center span was torn out.

After the water subsided in 1903 I thought I would ride down river and see what had happened. Something happened

before I got well under way. On South Third Street my bicycle skidded and I spreadeagled in a thick deposit of mud and mire. Undaunted, I remounted and continued with greater care as far as Raubsville. By the time I got back to Easton the muck had dried and was brushed off easily in big cakes.

The Delaware swarmed with fish and a number of men made a good living thereby. I heard of eels up to four feet long. "Eel weirs" were at intervals. Bobbing for eels was popular — worms strung on a cord, wound in a ball and tied on a rod. One tug, one eel and maybe a washtub full after a few hours.

The spring run of shad was heavy. The then unpolluted water yielded tasty fish. As late as 1906 I saw shad laid side by side in a row maybe 50 feet long, on the curb in Union Square, Phillipsburg. Buck, 25 cents, roe 35 cents each — take your pick.

Sturgeon, then fairly plentiful as far upstream as Trenton, were occasionally reported in this area.

For a couple of years prior to marriage I had a canoe the "Wampanoag," and kept it in the pool above Wilson Dam. I bought it from Harry Lewis Raul who later became a prominent sculptor. It was homemade and I paid him \$25 for it. I don't recall what eventually became of it.

Pot Rock is a short distance above the City of Easton water pumping station. The many peculiar pot holes of various sizes are claimed to be of glacial origin. At any rate it was a popular Saturday or Sunday afternoon walk. Nothing there but the holes, but it was a nice place to sit, and talk, and contemplate the river rushing to the sea, and maybe throw in a hook and line with high hopes.

Tells Of Seeing July Snow In Wilson And Riding Trolleys To Island Park

Island Park

About two blocks away from the grove was the large main building of the Northampton County Fairgrounds. It later was demolished. When excavation was made for the foundation of the Wilson Borough War Memorial, the base of the front steps of this building was uncovered.

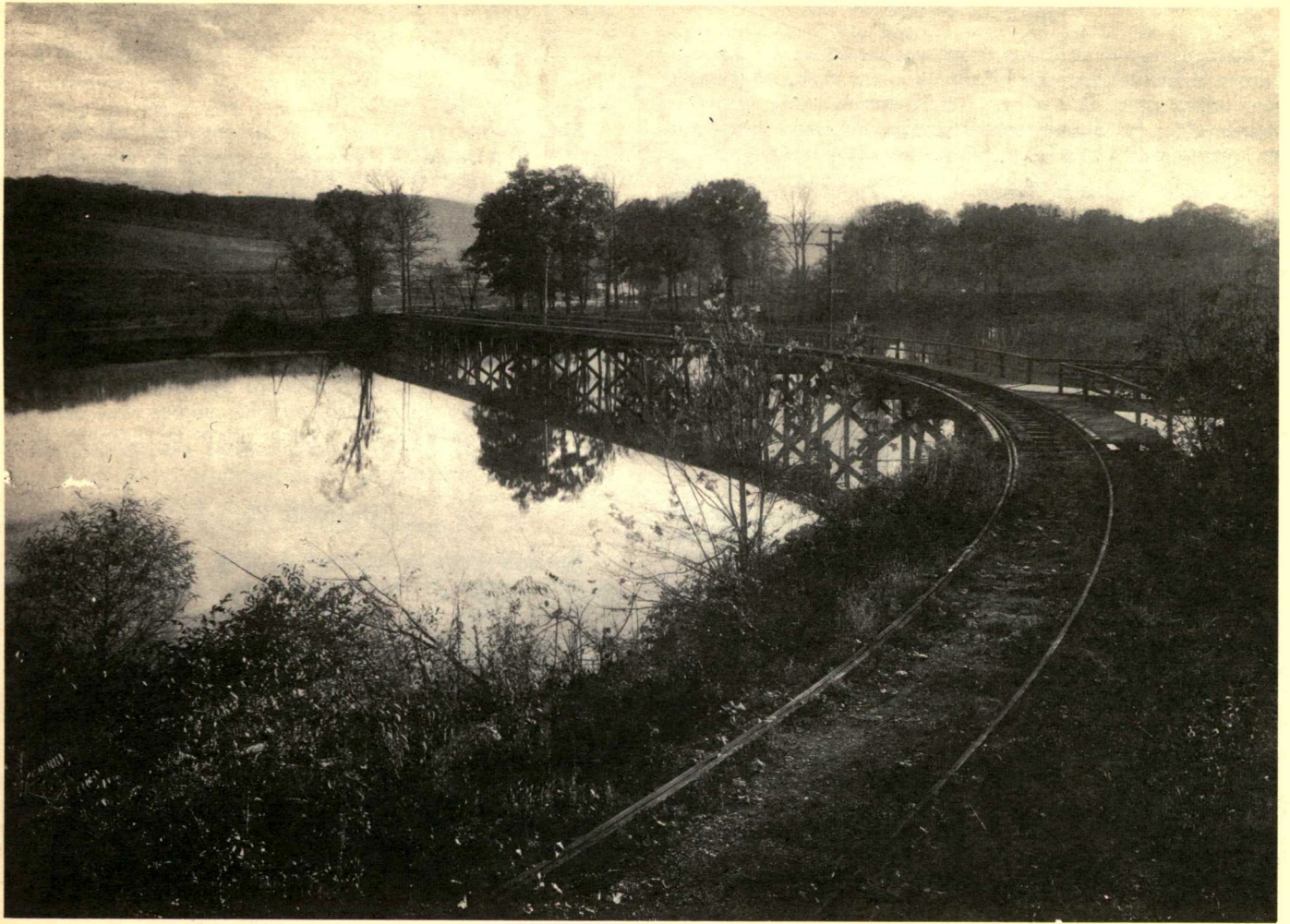
Island Park, a mile long, originally managed by Ben Beatty, was first opened July 18, 1894.

It was located at the lower end of Smith's Island in the Lehigh River above Glendon. In addition to the usual amusements there was a chute-the-chute terminating in the river



BELOVED FUN SPOT—Any older resident of the Easton area who went to Island Park recalls that amusement center with great affection. Shown above are excursionists, men in straw hats, women

in long dresses, and some of the attractions which made the park outstanding.



BRIDGE TO FUNLAND—Shown above is the trestle bridge over which trolley cars carried excursionists to Island Park. The

extreme eastern end of the island is shown.

and steam launch to carry tourists around the island. The flood of 1903 practically wiped the park off the map. A few years later the Lehigh Valley Transit Co. took over and rebuilt it.

The grand opening was July 4, 1906, and I was one of at least 5,000 persons there. Access was by trolley only, other than by rowing a boat across from Steckel's Lock.

They used open "summer" cars, each pulling a motorless trailer, which constituted a train. Traffic often was so heavy two trains would operate in tandem. The trains ran from 4th and Northampton Streets to the loop in the park, which meant a lot of cars in operation.

On opening day, when it came time to go home for supper, seats were filled before the cars fully stopped. Then the males had to stand on the side boards and hang on to grab bars.

The train ahead of the one I was on was in head-on collision with a park-bound train, resulting in derailment but no serious injuries. But we were all late getting home.

Cars got into the park by way of a wooden trestle bridge located just above the dam. The track ran along Dock Street.

Beyond the park area the island was heavily wooded. A well-worn path led to the extreme upper end, at the "cribbing," a series of short low spans bridging the river to the north shore, for crossing the canal boat mules.

There were daily free vaudeville shows, matinee and evening, usually rather good. Snatches of songs occasionally come to mind, but one comedian evoked a lot of applause with:

Heinz, Heinz, what's the matter with Heinz?

Heinz comes walking down the street,

What's the matter with Heinz's feet?

Heinz, Heinz, ach Julius what a shame.

He's been in 57 saloons, and Heinz is pickled again.

Corny? Maybe. But lots of applause.

There were also outdoor acts, often spectacular. One consisted of a high tower with steep tracks down to a sharp curve upward, with a large net stretched vertically in front.

The act consisted of a girl squatting on the little flat car, hurtling down, then sharply up, throwing her forward where she was supposed to grab the net. On her first exhibition on a Sunday afternoon, witnessed by a large crowd, including myself, it worked all right but her hands slipped on the net. The back lash threw her and she landed with her back across the rails. She died that night.

It was romantic to rent a boat, row around the lower end of the island and up into the "gut" to pick water lilies. I wonder if they are still there.

Again, in a big flood in 1919, the park was wrecked and never rebuilt. Even the road up along the river, above 25th Street, is inaccessible.

Oakland Park

Oakland Park on old Route 22 was set up by the Easton, Palmer & Bethlehem Street Railway in the early 1900's as a picnic grove only. But it had a refreshment stand. It was a favorite place for Sunday school picnics. Pops and moms did not have to shell out a lot of money for amusements.

I remember one such Sunday school picnic, Trinity Evangelical, with Dad, Mother and all three sisters there. I took a healthy bite on a sandwich. I didn't see the bee. It didn't do the bee any good in the long run, nor my tongue either.

This park operated for an extended period, but the area is now occupied by homes.

Edelman's Woods

Another picnicking place was Edelman's Woods, a grove of magnificent white oak trees on Butler Street, east of 17th, where an automobile sales place is now located.

There were no amusements, just tables provided by the operators of the nearby Forest House Hotel to promote business.

In the 90's this grove was almost "out in the country," but could be reached by trolley cars. Both noon and evening meals were the rule. They were all-day affairs, which meant huge baskets of food.

It was maybe 1896 or '97 when the Trinity Evangelical Sunday school was there, and an extremely cool day. Shortly after the noon meal there was a flurry of snow, brief, but it was snow, and of course lots of comment. So I can truthfully say I saw it snow in Easton in July. And, by the way, it used to be said that you should melt May snow and save the water to use as an eye wash.

Bushkill Park Once Distillery Site; Deal With 'Astronaut' Fell Through

Part II

About a half mile above the present Bushkill Park is a small island called Walters Island, crossed by a bridge of the E & N Railroad. It was formed by the tail race from a nearby grist mill, using water impounded by Kepler's Dam.

I was there for several picnics. There were no accommodations other than tables.

I'm told that at one picnic attended by the Lambert family, Maynard, then just a little fellow, fell into the rapidly flowing creek. Promptly rescued, he was of course soaked.

They made a tent of tablecloths stretched across a table, and parked him underneath until his clothes were dry.

I was not there — didn't know any of the Lambert family at that time.

Bushkill Park

Bushkill Park was started, I think, in 1904, as a result of construction by the Northampton Traction Co., the Hay Line, in 1902.

There was a large pavilion which my father helped to build. It burned in the 1920's.

Electricity was taken from the 550-volt trolley lines. Their generating plant is still standing, a stone building above Walters Island.

When the trolley cars were climbing the grade from Wood Street, the merry-go-round slowed down and all lights dimmed, but when the cars were over the top of the hill everything speeded up.



THIS WAY FOR FUN—The old log tower entrance to Bushkill Park is shown in this photograph taken around 1904. The frame-

work was dismantled many years ago but old-time park patrons recall it.

I frequented the park almost daily in 1904-'05, usually walking the railroad tracks and across the trestle over the creek. It used to be a trick of the locomotive engineers, when kids were walking along the track, to open the cylinder cocks and blow live steam far and wide. Scared, but I don't think any of use were ever scalded.

Charlie Bentz was the regular operator of the carousel, but sometimes I would pinch-hit for him when he had occasion to go elsewhere. Instead of a rheostat, control was by means of an iron weight on a rope, lowered into a barrel of brine.

Moving pictures, real flickers, were shown every night. There was a shed about six-feet square mounted on four poles, which was the projection booth. Light was supplied by a carbon arc lamp, and the film was highly flammable celluloid.

Dan Bentz, park foreman, the projectionist, would sometimes allow me to grind out a film or two but with admonition to keep it going or have a fire. It was there that I saw the masterpiece, "The Great Train Robbery."

For several years on every fair day they had hot air, or smoke balloon ascensions. Inflating the big bag was quite a process. A long trench, covered with steel plates, ran from the center of the balloon area to a point generously outside. The bag was suspended from a rope stretched between two tall poles. A fire was built in the trench, urged on by generous applications of kerosene.

A large ring of kids, with a few men, grasped the bottom of the bag to hold it down and in proper place as it inflated, and to keep it away from the flames shooting out of a stack made of steel drums, visible through the canvass. A rope from inside the top of the bag was laid out to the top of an unfolded parachute stretcher on the ground. Attached to the parachute was a trapeze bar.

When the bag was filled out, the poles were dropped, the signal given, and all the holder-downers scampered away, and the marvel of aviation would gracefully soar into the skies, taking with it the parachute and the aviator.

As the outfit rose, he would do acrobatic stunts (no safety belt) on the trapeze. When a proper height was reached, he would pull a rope cutting the parachute loose. It would drop straight down, then open, and our hero would float gracefully to terra firma. He would of course try to land in a field, but was not always so fortunate.

A wagon would be dispatched to the landing spot to pick up him and the chute. In the meantime, balloon, relieved of its load, would shoot way up, then as the contained hot air cooled, would gradually tip over and plummet to earth, leaving a trail of black smoke. The job then was to chase the bag and bring it in.

The astronaut was one Charles Hillman, self-styled "professor." He made his own parachutes. He was a likeable fellow and I got to be quite friendly with him. One day I said I wished I could do that. He said, "You can. I'll make you a parachute and tie to the bar, and tie you on so you can't fall off."

I know he meant it; it would have been good publicity for him. That evening at supper I told my folks about it. Maybe I should have kept my mouth shut. One can readily imagine the reaction. So, the next day, deeply chagrined, I had to tell the good professor the deal was off.

The merry-go-round now in use was salvaged from Island Park.

Water power for Overholt's flour mill came from a dam at the park, and row boating was popular in the long narrow pool formed by the dam. Boats rented at 25 cents an hour.

The meadow now occupied by the park was once the location of a distillery. Water piped from the large spring across the creek, from underneath a stone building still standing, supplied the distillery. The drinking water place in the park uses water from the same spring and pipe.

About the center of the park was a building called the Pagoda, about 35 feet high and I believe octagonal. Spiraling around the outside was a sheet-metal lined chute. Inside was a spiral staircase. For one cent, later two cents, kids could enjoy a screaming thrill from top to ground, and many heinies became quite warm.

I could write much more about this park but space does not permit and maybe no one would be interested. But it evokes a lot of memories.

Country's Largest Flag Manufacturer Had Nation's Biggest Advertising Sign

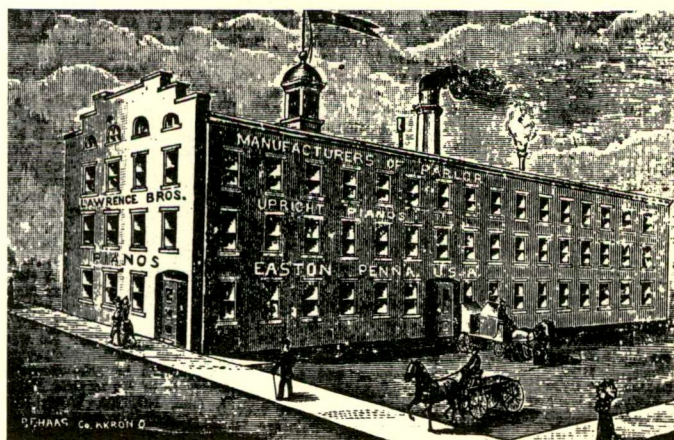
Former Industries and Businesses

I have already mentioned a number of industries and stores in the Easton area which for various reasons no longer exist. There were also the following, and possibly others that I don't recall:

The Hay Boot & Shoe Co. occupied a large three-story brick building at 15th and Butler Streets, and the Haytock Silk Mill in a similar building in the same area. Both buildings are now otherwise occupied.

The Lawrence Organ Mfg. Co. was located on South 10th Street near Butler. They advertised a "Grand Upright" seven and one-half octave organ, height 55 inches, width 63½ inches, depth 26 inches, and weight boxed 500 pounds. The catalog picture showed it was ornate. Of course, it was a foot-pump instrument.

H. Lehr & Co. manufactured pianos in their factory at 12th and Butler Streets. The warehouse and show rooms were in a brick building at the front of the property, still used as the Lehr Furniture Co. Manufacturing was done in a large three-story frame building at the rear. This was destroyed by fire during the night of March 12, 1906, with loss of one life. Manufacturing was not resumed.

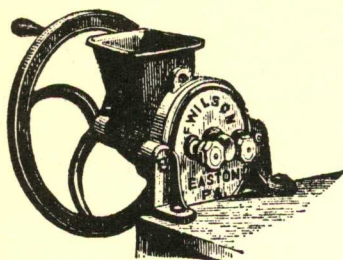


HOME OF THE LAWRENCE PIANO—The Lawrence Bros. piano factory at 10th Street near Butler Street was flourishing when this picture was drawn in 1897. The company made "parlor up-rights" and tuned, polished and refinished pianos.

WILSON BROS.

BONE CUTTERS, CLOVER CUTTERS
and GRINDING MILLS

*Don't Keep Hens Unless You Can Own
These Machines*



They won't pay you well enough for eggs or table. Keep a record of results and you'll soon prove that these machines will pay for themselves in a year.

Do your neighbor's cutting and make money. We also make the *Corn-*

ing Feed Mixer, the best mash and grain mixer in the world. Every Wilson machine is absolutely guaranteed.

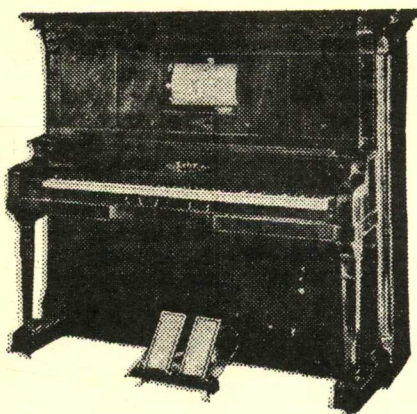
SEND FOR CATALOGUE

WILSON BROS., Easton, Penna.

MADE IN EASTON—Chickens thrived on bone meal made with a Wilson grinder, according to this advertisement which appeared in an Easton program book many years ago. The Wilson plant was on North Delaware Drive.

Lehr Pianos and Players

(MADE IN EASTON)



USED AND ENDORSED BY

The Grand Conservatory of Music, New York City
The Pennsylvania College of Music, Philadelphia
Chicago Conservatory and Hinshaw School of Opera, Chicago
The Pueblo Conservatory of Music, Pueblo, Colo.
And Other Leading Conservatories

Retailed Direct from the Factory by

H. LEHR & CO.

MANUFACTURERS

EASTON - - - PENNA.

MADE IN EASTON—This advertisement, which appeared in a program many years ago, emphasized that the Lehr piano was made in Easton.

Stocker's Planing Mill was on Butler Street between 11th and 12th. During a thunderstorm about 1904 it was struck by lightning and destroyed. I stood with my father at the kitchen door from where the blaze was very visible.

That was the opening night for Oakland Park. My sister Esther and several other girls had gone to the park via trolley car. Everyone was in a tizzy for their safety. In those days, approach of a thunder storm signaled closing all outer shutters, pulling down the shades, all chairs drawn to the center of the room, and then someone whamming the piano as loud as possible to drown out the thunder.

Wilson Brothers had a factory on North Delaware Drive, a short distance above Front Street, where they made feed and bone grinders and similar products with good market among area farmers.

George Rice operated a plant on Ferry Street between Front and Second, where he smoked meats, dealt in hides, made lard and tallow and made malt for the local breweries. How's that for diversification?

Chipman's Hosiery Mill was located in West Easton, a large plant with hundred of employees. Operations were discontinued a number of years ago.

The Chipman family was wealthy and built a large stone home a few miles north of Easton along the Delaware. After it was no longer occupied by the family, it became a convalescent home and was destroyed by fire on a winter day some years ago.

Heller's American Flag Manufacturing Co. was in its day the largest flag manufacturer in the country. It was located on Church Street between Fourth and Fifth.

When the trolley line to Doylestown was built, it was necessary to make a long fill along the base of the mountain, reinforced by a stone wall maybe 10 feet high. On this wall, in huge letters, easily readable by train passengers on the other side of the river, there was lettered, "American Flag Manufacturing Co." It was nearly a mile long and was claimed to be the longest advertising sign in the country, or maybe the world.

There was an organization in Elizabeth, N. J., which wanted an extremely large flag to be carried horizontally in a parade (a practice now disapproved). They shopped around for price, everywhere but in Easton, and placed their order with a dealer in St. Louis, Mo. When they received the flag they discovered it had been made in and shipped from Easton. Moral: patronize local industries.

There was a sizeable wagon factory on Pine Street near Seventh. Their specialty was heavy wagons for general hauling and farm use. It was owned and operated by Philip Barbor as part of his general blacksmith shop on Northampton Street.

The top employee was an old German who was an artisan, a wainwright. It was most interesting to see him shape the felloes, spokes, hubs of the wheels, usually oak. Taken to the blacksmith shop, the iron tires were welded into a perfect ring of exact size, heated red hot, and "shrunk" on the wheels by immersion in cold water. They stayed. I'm afraid that is almost a lost art.

My father learned the wheelwright trade in his youth in Germany. He also learned pattern making and carpentry.

A little one-man operation was that of Christopher Kies on Pine Street between Ninth and 10th. He was a basket weaver, mostly laundry and market baskets.

He would walk up along the Lehigh, cut willow branches, and tote them home on his broad shoulders. Then he stood them upright in a shallow tank of water to keep them fresh. Eventually that water got quite putrid. He would draw the branches, one at a time, through a shaver until they were just the right thickness, then, presto, a basket. He was always busy.

Then 'Our Pleasures More Satisfying' But Today 'Man As A Mass Is A Mess'

Old Stores, Closing Thoughts

Scattered through these pages is mention of other former businesses and no doubt there were others I do not recall, which may be excusable after the passage of all these years.

There were commercial places such as F. S. Bixler Co., dealer in wholesale dry goods, in a building on South Third Street erected by my uncle, F. L. Morgenstern, as general contractor. Floyd Bixler had two sons, one of whom died at an early age, the other, Stanley, bought out the old Matthew Orr general dry goods store, which, with enlargements, still exists on the original location.

James Correll had a wholesale dry goods store in the building at the southwest corner of Pine and Bank Streets. The second floor was occupied by the Johnson Shoe & Rubber Co. Just before midnight Dec. 31, 1909, fire erupted in the

shoe store and raged furiously. Clara and I had been at watch night service in the First Moravian Church. She reluctantly accompanied me; she didn't like those things. Johnson was convicted of arson, and after release from jail got a job with the Victor Balata Belt Co. When I was purchasing agent at Cameron Pump Works he came around to sell me pump valves, but we had another established source of supply.

There was the Werner Brothers furniture and music store; H. Goldsmith, clothing, on Northampton near Front, where I was badly gypped on my first long pants suit; Herman Loeve and his clothing store on Northampton near Sixth. Herman was quite a character, but he sold honest clothes at honest prices and kept me clothed for some years.

Steckel's harness shop was on Northampton near Sixth. He always had a full-size dappled-gray wooden horse out front, on wheels so he could run it into the store at night so no one could swipe it.

How many remember the wooden Indians in front of the cigar stores?

Rader's dry goods store was for the elite trade. Daub Furniture store was a good place to buy. His home was the big brick building at 10th and Jackson now occupied by Moravian Manor.

Youngsters' Delights

On Spruce Street, between Ninth and Tenth, someone had converted a regular dwelling into a pretzel factory. It



CENTENNIAL SCENE—Goldsmith's store, mentioned in this closing episode of *This I Remember*, is at the left in this rare picture taken during Easton's centennial parade on May 5, 1890. The mounted men garbed in white "frocks" and silk hats are butchers of the Easton-Phillipsburg area who formed their own contingent.

The establishments, the southwest corner of Centre Square, are, left to right, Goldsmith's, the First National Bank, Rasley's hardware store, H. C. Stewart & Sons dry goods store, with Easton College of Business upstairs. The spectators, lower right, are perched on the roof of Conklin's grocery store.

wasn't much of an operation; two girls, bending pretzels, one man mixing the dough, tending to the oven and other chores. But they sold broken pretzels, one cent for a two-pound sugar bag full (including the bag), and how we would eat pretzels.

There was a little old woman, the umbrella mender's wife, who lived in a little house where our armory is now located, on Northampton Street, near Seventh. She made molasses candy. Looking back, the conditions under which she made it would probably turn our stomachs, but we did not know any better especially when we got a pretty good gob of it for one cent.

Her husband, when he thought he had repaired enough umbrellas for the day, would adjourn to Joe Schleicher's saloon, at Northampton and Locust Streets, and when he finally got home — well you know the rest.

Charley Mauch had a drugstore at Seventh and Northampton Streets. There one would buy licorice root, two sticks for one cent, enough to keep you chewing all day. Some few years ago I saw it on display in a shop at Cape May, two sticks for 15 cents.

I suppose if one looks hard enough one can find one of the old-time candy cases, with row upon row of glass trays. Squeezing our penny tight, after much deliberation and with the storekeeper finally telling us to make up our minds, we would make a stab and come up with "belly burners." I think they were six for one cent. Nothing over one cent.

Closing Thoughts

And so, I have endeavored to fulfill my daughter's request of long standing. With what degree of success, others must judge. It has been a pleasure, not a task, to review the old days.

Admittedly, my story is not complete. I had to work mostly from memory. My only fear is that the recital may be dull and uninteresting to this generation. They, some day, will look back many years and recall how things were in their youth. I hope they may derive the same pleasure.

I recognize there are a number of recitals therein with which my older children may be familiar. For example, they had a great time on the last trip of the trolley cars to Bethlehem.

Call them what you will, maybe disparagingly, the horse and buggy days, and despite the lack of the multitude of creature comforts, we take today as our natural benefit of the thing called progress. They were, by and large, pleasant days, rugged in some ways, but certainly not fraught with the complexities and fears of the present. For one thing, our pleasures were so much simpler and I believe more satisfying. Whereas we could "pursue the even tenor of our way," sometimes we feel like saying, "Stop the world, I want to get off."

Maybe it is right to say that today, "Man as a mass is a mess."



THE WAY IT WAS—Harvey C. Morgenstern, right, author of "This I Remember," chats with James Shelly, an Express staff writer who helped prepare Mr. Morgenstern's book for publication. Mr. Morgenstern wrote the book for his children, but Mr. Shelly, long-time friend, persuaded him to have it published.